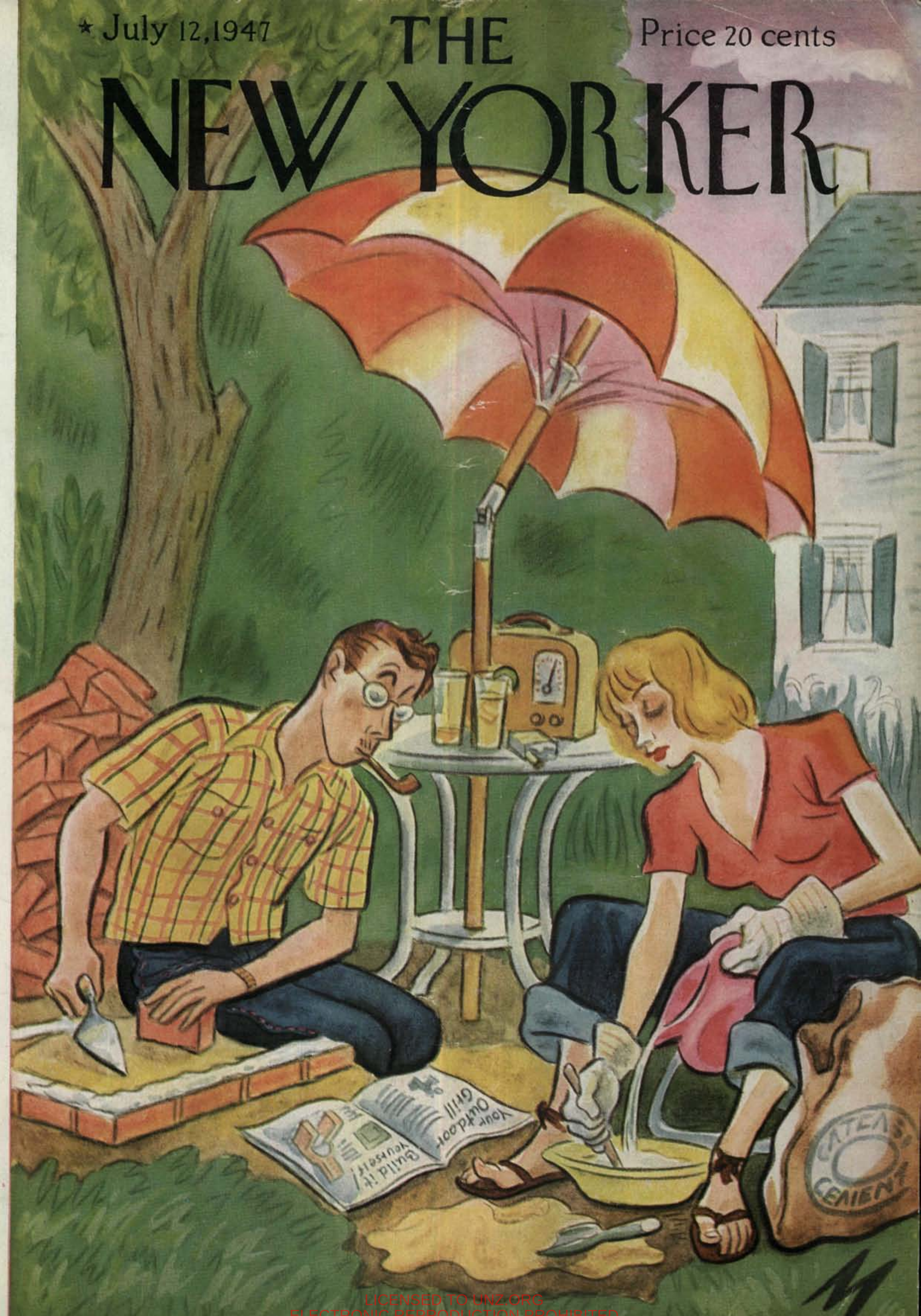
★ July 12, 1947

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents


Your Outdoor Grill
Build it yourself!
CATEAS
CEMENT

Musaphonic

Dress by Bergdorf Goodman

Soul-Stirring... the natural color tone of this exquisite FM-AM radio-phonograph

𝄞 Now the treasures of music's enchanted world are yours to command. The Musaphonic reproduces every vibrant harmony—every delicate shading of the original performance—in the glorious realism of natural color tone.

Like magic, the amazing new G-E Electronic Reproducer brings to life all the beauty on your records. You hear the music just as the artists recorded it for your enjoyment.

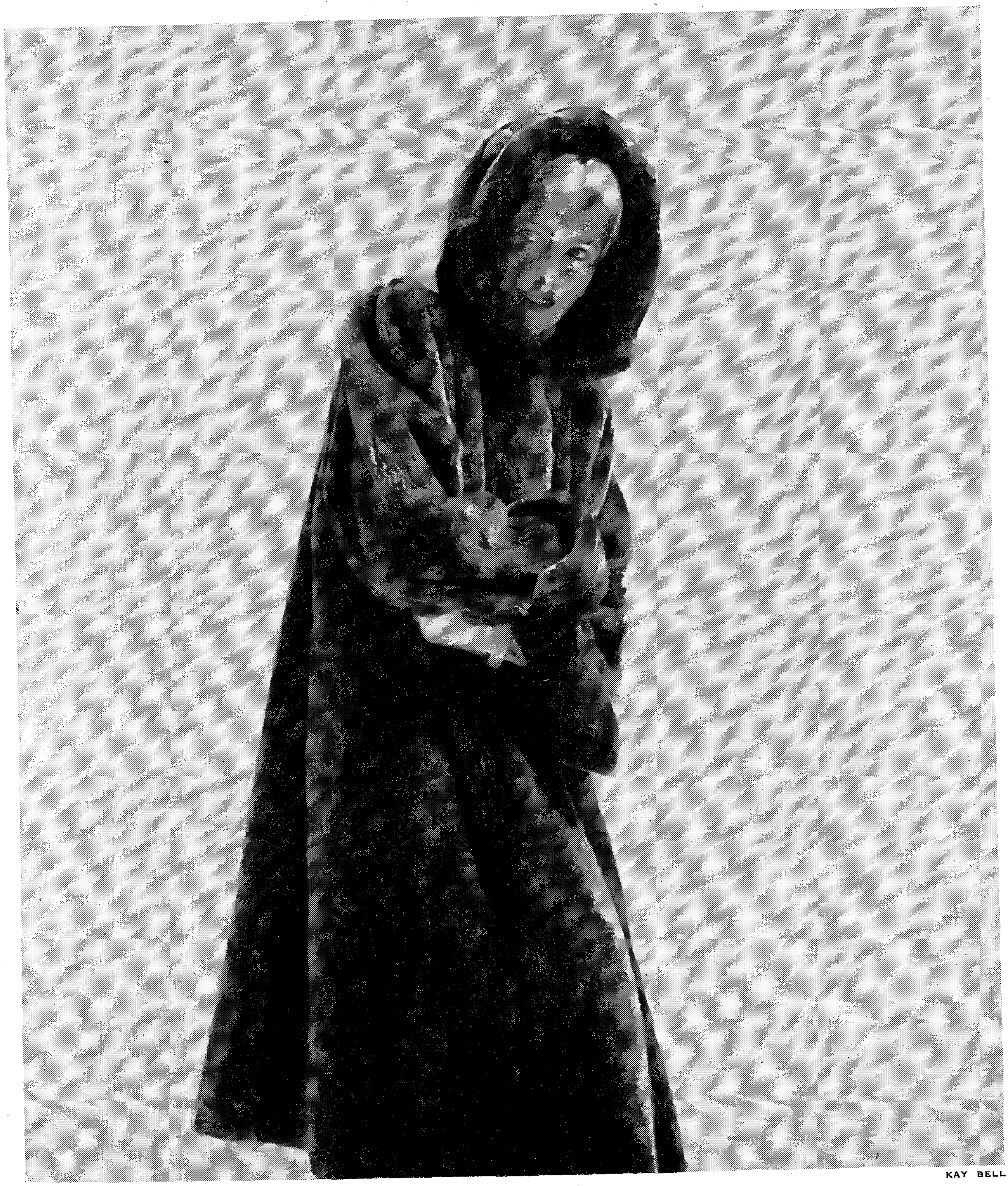
When you listen to FM (Frequency Modulation) radio with its natural color tone, you share in the triumph of electronics over radio's ancient foes: static, fading, and station interference. And the Musaphonic brings you both standard radio and short-wave broadcasts with new clarity and richness of tone.

Your dealer will gladly demonstrate the Musaphonic in its beautiful period cabinets designed to give new distinction to the most gracious home. Seeing and hearing it, you'll agree that here, at last, is a magnificent instrument truly worthy of the world's greatest music. **Musaphonic Now Available!** Those who waited for this great instrument are glad they did. Their patience has been rewarded by the greatest record reproduction they ever heard. Fortunately the supply is increasing. By placing your order now with your Musaphonic dealer you may be able to secure delivery very soon. General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

179-F3

RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS

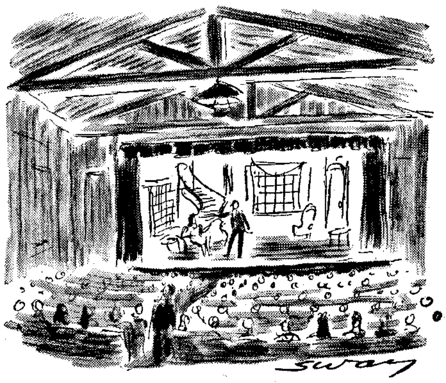


KAY BELL

Domino de luxe in noble Nutria

BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVE. AT 58TH ST. • NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—Arthur Miller's well-meant, sometimes eloquent play dealing with war profits and war ideals, which could do with a leaner and less tricky plot. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Burlesque—This play about a drunken comedian doesn't seem as dramatic as it did in 1927, but it is just as comic, thanks largely to Bert Lahr's first-rate performance. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Happy Birthday—What might easily happen to a girl (in this case, Helen Hayes) if she chanced to wander into a bar on a rainy afternoon. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

John Loves Mary—There are some laughs, and a number of bogus characters and situations, in this dapperly tailored farce by Norman Krasna. With Nina Foch, William Prince, and Loring Smith. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Young Man's Fancy—No need to give it a second thought. It broods vaguely over life in a summer camp for boys, and gets better acting than it deserves from Lenore Lonergan and Ronnie Jacoby. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—born yesterday: Judy Holliday in the one about a conniving junk dealer. Sam Sweet has temporarily replaced Paul Douglas. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** The invisible rabbit. James Stewart will take over for Frank Fay and Josephine Hull will return to the cast on Monday, July 14. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **life with father:** On Saturday, July 12, this mossy institution will finally quit, having outlasted the World's Fair, the war, and "Abie's Irish Rose." (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40.) . . . **state of the union:** Ralph Bellamy and Kay Francis in the Crouse-Lindsay comedy about Republican politics and principles. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the voice of the turtle:** The sergeant on a weekend pass. Currently with Louisa Horton, Peggy French, and Boyd Crawford. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

MUSICALS

Brigadoon—Scottish accents run wild in this rich, handsome fantasy, which has melodious music, a tender spirit, and not much in the way of comedy. David Brooks, Marion Bell, and Pamela Britton. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Finian's Rainbow—An inordinately whimsical piece about the capers of a leprechaun in the Southern poll-tax country, pulled together by the excellent dancing and tuneful singing of a gay and gifted cast that includes Dorothy Claire and David Wayne. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—Two graceful and ingenious chamber operas, composed and written by Gian-Carlo Menotti and performed flawlessly by Marie Powers, Evelyn Keller, Marilyn Cotlow, and Frank Rogier. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sweethearts—This was never the best of Victor Herbert's shows, but that makes no difference, since it is now just a framework for Bobby Clark to swarm over, with loyal assistance from June Knight, Marjorie Gateson, and Mark Dawson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—annie get your gun: The Ethel Merman frolic. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **call me mister:** Converting G.I.s to civilian use. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **oklahoma!:** It's indestructible. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are frequently last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

Rip van Winkle—Philip Bourneuf, Haila Stoddard, and Byron McGrath in the first of a summer series of plays produced by the New York City Theatre Company. Directed by Herbert Berghof. Opens Tuesday, July 15. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 17.)

MISCELLANY

Icetime of 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing, you may find a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are often subject to revision.)

Abingdon—Thursday, July 10: "The Importance of Being Earnest." Friday and Saturday, July 11-12: "Arsenic and Old Lace." Monday and Tuesday, July 14-15: "The Royal Family." Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17: "Payment Deferred." Friday and Saturday, July 18-19: "The Importance of Being Earnest." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bar Harbor—Through Saturday, July 12: Mady Christians in "Papa Is All." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Jessie Royce Landis in "Hedda Gabler." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

Beacon—Through Saturday, July 12: "Mary's Other Husband." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." (Van Wyck Players, Roosevelt Theatre, Beacon, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bennington—Through Saturday, July 12: "Charley's Aunt." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "But Not Goodbye." (Bennington Drama Festival, Bennington, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, July 12: John Carradine in "A Bill of Divorcement." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Neil Hamilton in "State of the Union." (Beverly Summer Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Boothbay—Through Saturday, July 12: "Candida." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "The Man Who Came to Dinner." (Boothbay Playhouse, Boothbay, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:15.)

Bridgehampton—Through Saturday, July 12: "Papa Is All." Tuesday through Saturday, July 15-19: "Holiday." (Hampton Playhouse, Bridgehampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40.)

Bridgton—Through Saturday, July 12: "Night Must Fall." Tuesday through Saturday, July 15-19: "Joan of Lorraine." (Riverside Theatre, Bridgton, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 9. Matinée Friday, July 18, at 3.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, July 12: Freddie Bartholomew in "The Hasty Heart." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Elissa Landi in "The Shining Hour." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Clinton, Conn.—Through Saturday, July 12: Lenore Ulric in "Personal Appearance." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "The Whole World Over." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Clinton, N.J.—Through Saturday, July 12: "Claudia." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Bert Lytell in "Apple of His Eye." (Music Hall, Clinton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 12: "After Hours." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Lois Wilson and Eddie Nugent in "Dear Ruth." (South Shore Players, Co-

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	56
THE CURRENT CINEMA	55
LETTER FROM CRACOW	40
MUSICAL EVENTS:	
CONCERT RECORDS	53
OF ALL THINGS	37
THE RACE TRACK	50

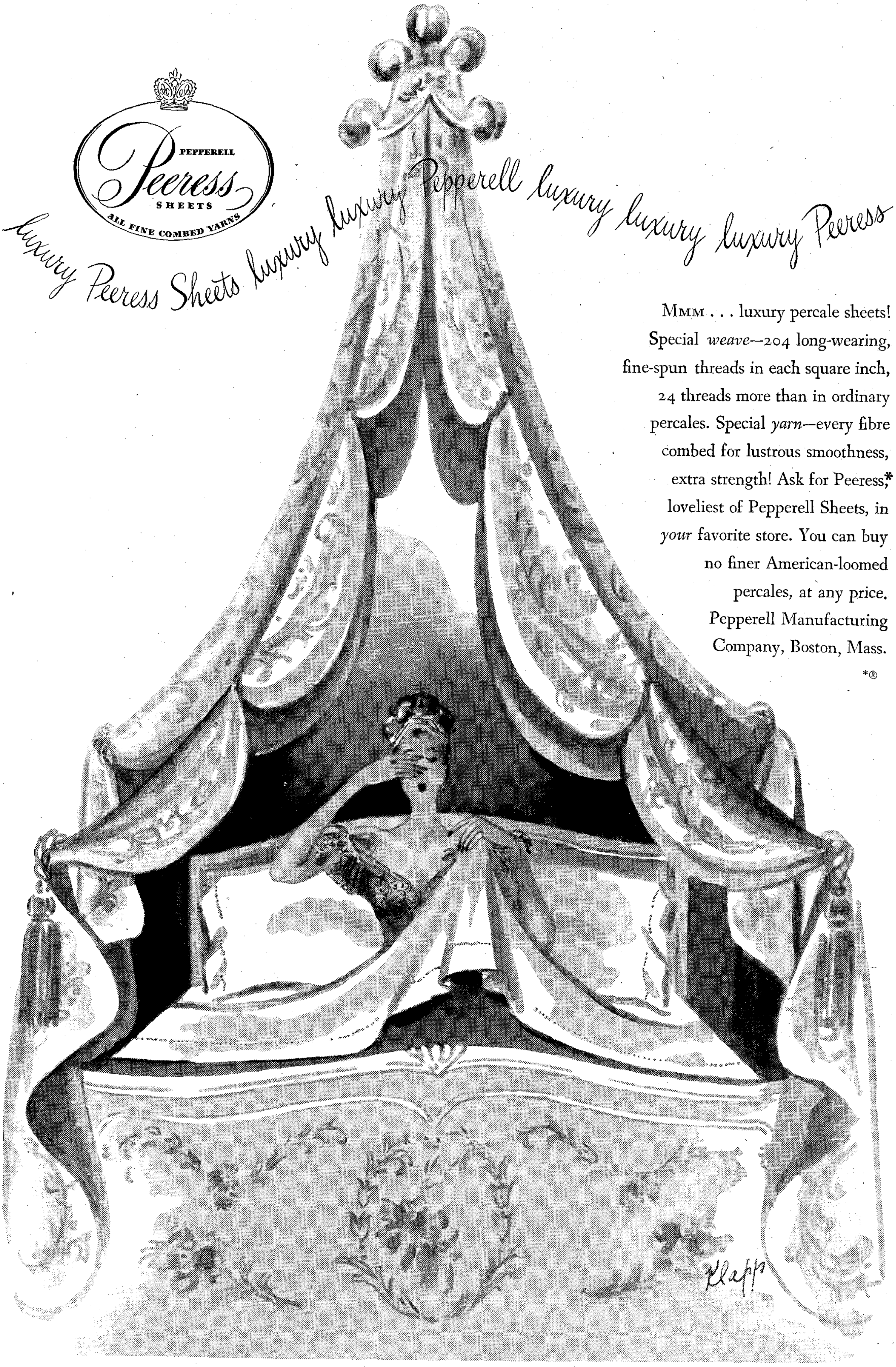
THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIII, No. 21, July 12, 1947. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1947, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Pan-America and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

PEPPERELL
Peeress
SHEETS
ALL FINE COMBED YARNS


luxury Peeress Sheets luxury luxury Pepperell luxury luxury luxury Peeress
Klapp

MMM . . . luxury percale sheets! Special *weave*—204 long-wearing, fine-spun threads in each square inch, 24 threads more than in ordinary percales. Special *yarn*—every fibre combed for lustrous smoothness, extra strength! Ask for Peeress,* loveliest of Pepperell Sheets, in *your* favorite store. You can buy no finer American-loomed percales, at any price. Pepperell Manufacturing Company, Boston, Mass.

*®

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cooperstown—Through Sunday, July 13: "March Hares." Thursday through Sunday, July 17-20: "As You Like It." (Duke's Oak Theatre, Cooperstown, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, at 8:45.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 12: Lillian Gish in "The Marquise." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Martha Scott in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Dorset—Friday and Saturday, July 11-12 and 18-19: "On Approval." (Dorset Playhouse, Dorset, Vt. Friday and Saturday evenings at 8:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 12: Judith Evelyn in "There's Always Juliet." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Bela Lugosi in "Dracula." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45.)

Germantown—Through Sunday, July 13: "The Male Animal." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: "The Searching Wind." (Sail Loft Theatre, Germantown, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gloucester—Through Saturday, July 12: "Three Men on a Horse." Tuesday through Saturday, July 15-19: "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:45.)

Great Neck—Through Saturday, July 12: "Kind Lady." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: June Duprez in "Bent Halo." (Chapel Theatre, Great Neck, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45.)

Greenwich—Through Saturday, July 12: "Charley's Aunt." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: The Hartmans in a musical-comedy tryout, "Heaven Help the Angels." (Greenwich Playhouse, Greenwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Guilford—Through Saturday, July 12: Buddy Ebsen in "The Male Animal." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Roger Pryor in "Made in Heaven." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Ithaca—Through Sunday, July 13: Estelle Winwood in "The Royal Family." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: Zero Mostel in "The Doctor in Spite of Himself." (Finger Lakes Drama Festival, Ithaca, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 12: Richard Arlen in "State of the Union." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: William Eythe in "Dear Ruth." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Keene—Through Saturday, July 12: "Dear Ruth." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Papa Is All." (Keene Summer Theatre, Keene, N.H. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, July 12: "Papa Is All." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Hay Fever." (Kennebunkport Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Litchfield—Through Saturday, July 12: "Made in Heaven." Tuesday through Saturday, July 15-19: "Brother Rat." (Litchfield Summer Theatre, Litchfield, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:45.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, July 12: Miriam Hopkins in "There's Always Juliet." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Constance Bennett in "Over 21." (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 12: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Dream Girl." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Middlebury—Through Saturday, July 12: "The Curtain Rises." Tuesday through Saturday, July 15-19: "Papa Is All." (Green Mountain Playhouse, Middlebury, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, July 12: Louise Allbritton in "Love from a Stranger." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Dear Ruth." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 12: "Dear Ruth." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Skylark." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

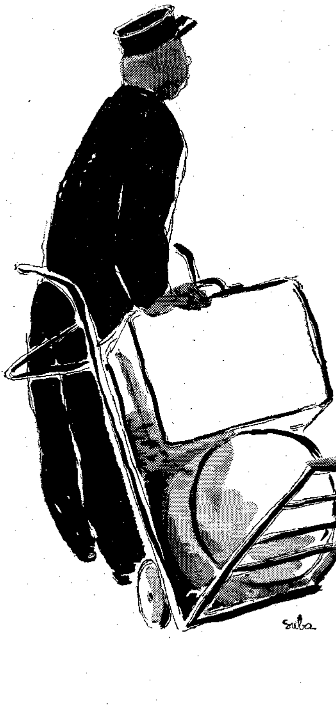
Moylan—Thursday, July 10: "Among Ourselves." Friday, July 11: "Uncle Vanya." Saturday, July 12: "The Inheritors." Wednesday, July 16: "An American Tragedy." Thursday, July 17: "The Inheritors." Friday, July 18: "Twelfth Night." Saturday, July 19: "Among Ourselves." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 12: Bramwell Fletcher in the American première of a London play, "Grand National Night." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Dear Ruth." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Milford—Through Sunday, July 13: "Dear Ruth." Wednesday through Sunday, July 16-20: Peggy Conklin in a new play, "Act of Darkness." (Theatre-in-the-Dale, New Milford, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesdays, at 8:45.)

Newport—Through Saturday, July 12: "Made in Heaven." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "The Petrified Forest." (Newport Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 12: Zasu Pitts in "The Late Christopher Bean." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Faye Emerson in "State of the Union." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)



Pawling—Through Sunday, July 13: "Dear Ruth." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: "Three Men on a Horse." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, July 12: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Gloria Swanson in "A Goose for the Gander." (Princeton Drama Festival, McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, July 12: "Is Life Worth Living?" Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "The Contrast." (Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Ridgefield—Through Saturday, July 12: "Out of the Frying Pan." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Margaret Wycherly in "The Glass Menagerie." (Ridgefield Summer Theatre, Ridgefield, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Sunday, July 13: Helen McKellar and Julie Haydon in "The Glass Menagerie." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: Madge Evans in "Joan of Lorraine." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.)

Sayville—Through Sunday, July 13: "Dear Ruth." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: "Night Must Fall." (Sayville Playhouse, Sayville, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

Sea Cliff—Through Sunday, July 13: "Portrait of Irish." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: Dennis King in "Blithe Spirit." (Sea Cliff Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 12: "Made in Heaven." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Dear Ruth." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Sunday, July 13: "Dear Ruth." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: "Three Men on a Horse." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 12: "Junior Miss." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Florence Reed in "Mademoiselle." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Suffern—Through Saturday, July 12: Arlene Francis in "Candlelight." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Blithe Spirit." (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westboro—Through Sunday, July 13: "Heaven Can Wait." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: "My Fair Lady." (Red Barn Theatre, Westboro, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 12: William Eythe in "French Without Tears." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Tallulah Bankhead in "Private Lives." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Whitefield—Through Saturday, July 12: "I Like It Here." Tuesday through Saturday, July 15-19: "French Without Tears." (Chase Barn, Whitefield, N.H. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 13: Clarence Derwent in "Topaze." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: Ilka Chase in Lynn Riggs' new play, "Laughter from a Cloud." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

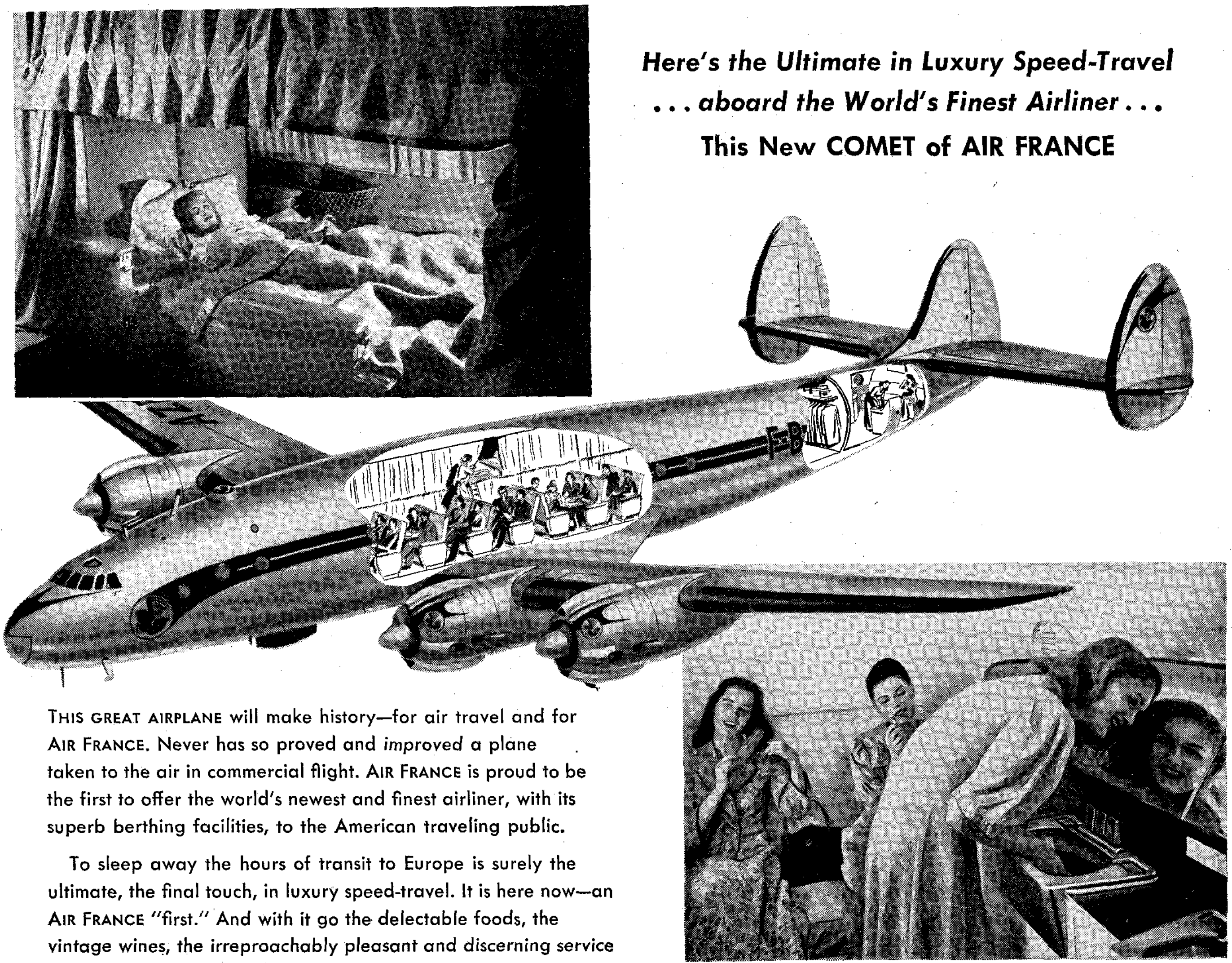
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, THERE'S A NEW COMET IN THE SKY

AIR FRANCE *IS* FIRST

to offer SLEEPER PLANE SERVICE across the Atlantic!

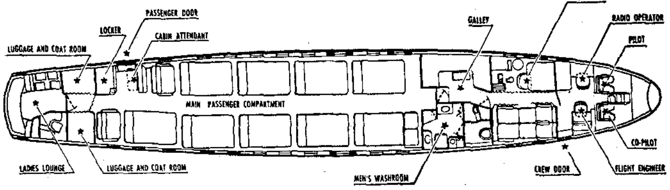
Here's the Ultimate in Luxury Speed-Travel
. . . aboard the World's Finest Airliner . . .
This New COMET of AIR FRANCE



THIS GREAT AIRPLANE will make history—for air travel and for AIR FRANCE. Never has so proved and *improved* a plane taken to the air in commercial flight. AIR FRANCE is proud to be the first to offer the world's newest and finest airliner, with its superb berthing facilities, to the American traveling public.

To sleep away the hours of transit to Europe is surely the ultimate, the final touch, in luxury speed-travel. It is here now—an AIR FRANCE "first." And with it go the delectable foods, the vintage wines, the irreproachably pleasant and discerning service of an AIR FRANCE crossing . . . as well as the skilled airmanship born of 28 years' experience in overwater flying. AIR FRANCE welcomes you aboard its newest "Comet" . . . the Constellation "749."

Availability of sleeper accommodations dependent on traffic conditions.


PASSENGER DOOR
LOCKER
CABIN ATTENDANT
LUGGAGE AND COAT ROOM
GALLEY
NAVIGATOR
RADIO OPERATOR
PILOT
MAIN PASSENGER COMPARTMENT
CO-PILOT
LADIES LOUNGE
LUGGAGE AND COAT ROOM
MEN'S WASHROOM
CREW DOOR
FLIGHT ENGINEER

WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL AIRLINER . . . with luxurious interior especially decorated for AIR FRANCE.

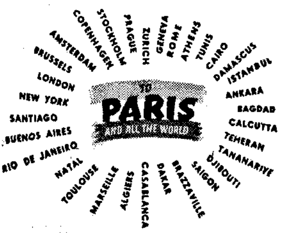
WORLD'S FASTEST AIRLINER . . . cruises effortlessly at well over 300 miles per hour.

WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL AIRLINER . . . able to *climb on any two engines!*

WORLD'S LONGEST-RANGE AIRLINER . . . with special reserve of fuel and power for extra dependability.

WORLD'S MOST MODERN SLEEPER PLANE . . . with new-type berths wider than a railway "lower."

5 Flights Weekly, New York to Paris, with Air France connections to 51 countries on 5 continents. Make reservations through your TRAVEL AGENT.


TO
PARIS
AND ALL THE WORLD
AMSTERDAM
COPENHAGEN
STOCKHOLM
PRAGUE
ZURICH
GENEVA
ROME
ATHENS
TUNIS
CAIRO
DAMASCUS
ISTANBUL
ANKARA
BAGDAD
CALCUTTA
TEHERAN
TANANARIVE
DJIBOUTI
SAIGON
BRAZZAVILLE
DAKAR
CASABLANCA
ALGIERS
MARSEILLE
TOULOUSE
NATAL
RIO DE JANEIRO
BUENOS AIRES
SANTIAGO
NEW YORK
LONDON
BRUSSELS

When you go . . GO **AIR FRANCE** *28 years of over water flying*

FRENCH NATIONAL AIRLINES, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.; 415 Boylston Street, Boston 16, Mass. • *SHIP AIR EXPRESS VIA AIR FRANCE*

"Psst! She's got freckles under that Complexion Veil"

Sis, take a tip from us and give little Willie a quarter—then the freckles under your Complexion Veil will be your secret alone. Take an even more important tip and be sure to have this cream base—Complexion Veil—on hand always . . . to give your skin a soft velvety texture to which your make-up (and boy friend) will cling and cling. Covers minor blemishes. In skintone shades. $1, $2 the jar (plus tax)

COMPLEXION VEIL

Charles of the Ritz
DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND-BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—An underground spa, with soothing greenery to look at and Basil Fomeen's gentle music to dance to.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Cascades, at the salubrious altitude of nineteen floors, offers Cardini, the magician, at dinner and supper, and dancing to Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Interior decoration that some people don't believe when they *do* see it. Piano music during dinner, and Joel Shaw's dance orchestra afterward.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—There are no rocking chairs on this summer porch, but it's well back from the street and in a nice location. Paul Sparr's orchestra and the Maisonette Quintet for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band supply dance music in the Café Lounge for a glossy clientele. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Carl Ravazza, a familiar face at this establishment, backed up by Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has dinner and supper dancing to Guy Lombardo's orchestra, and Mischa Borr's rumba band helps out around midnight. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Piano by Cy Walter after nine o'clock, and by Les Crosley at cocktails and dinner. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band, playing jauntily for dancing in a well-groomed setting. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox at the piano after ten-thirty. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns playing the piano. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Walter Gross at the piano after ten. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Piano music. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): George Kent at the piano until nine. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900): A casual corner, where a small orchestra plays for tea dancing and during dinner and supper. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Fiesta time in Sheridan Square includes a fast-moving Spanish show and plenty of the amateur rumbas for the amateur Latin. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Mary Lou Williams, who didn't learn to play the piano by mail. Buck Clayton's orchestra.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Lou Holtz, Bert Wheeler, Barry Wood, Patsy Kelly, and Diosa Costello; or Something for Everybody. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): A noisy show, with Mitzi Green, a pretty noisy sort herself. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard, making it worth your while to brave this vast pink satin roundhouse.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): A summer collection that may help you forget the humidity. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): This familiar basement offers Maxine Sullivan and the Three Flames; dancing. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): A weatherbeaten belfry, presided over by Spivy herself, who warms her wits at the piano late in the evening.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): Music to inflame the savage breast by such performers as Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, Pee Wee Russell, and Joe Sullivan. Tuesday nights are uninhibited free-for-alls, with other students of the art dropping in to take a hand. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Freddie Ohms, Ernie Caceres, and their colleagues, all blowing hot and blue. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Bud Freeman's trio, which includes Cozy Cole, turning out a pleasing racket in this standby; a jam session every Monday evening. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR,** 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148): Jack Teagarden and a new band, made up of Max Kaminsky, Jack Lesberg, and a couple of others. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Eddie Heywood's orchestra. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Coleman Hawkins' orchestra.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Skitch Henderson's orchestra.

SUMMER SPOTS

ST. MORITZ ROOF, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): A comfortable retreat, with all Central Park for a front yard. Alfred Menconi's orchestra and a small show. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): A breezy vacation lodge in the trampled wilds of Central Park; dancing. . . . **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124th St. (MO 2-8600): A Riverside Drive landmark, like Grant's Tomb, but equipped with a kitchen and a dance floor. . . . **BOSSERT,** Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100): The view of where you came from compensates for the long taxi ride from Manhattan; dancing.

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle (New Rochelle 6-6500): Bobby Byrne's and Noro Morales' orchestras. . . . **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra.

Dinner in the Country—Some comfortable places to dine within motoring distance of the city—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 91). . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016). . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on weekends. . . . **MANHASSET, L.I.:** Mori (Manhasset 1842). . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 839). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 266). . . . **CENTERPORT, L.I.:** Water Mill Inn (Northport 844); dancing on weekends. . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342). . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Wappingers Falls 451). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031). . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548). . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 932), and Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232). . . . **WESTON, CONN.:** Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588.)

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Fridays.)

All-Summer Shows—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Works by Ryder, Blakelock, and other nineteenth-century Americans, as well as by some moderns. . . . **CHINESE,** 38 E. 57th St.: An exhibition by Ralph Rosenborg, George Constant, and other artists affiliated with this gallery. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57th St.: Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Stephen Etnier, and others of the gallery's artists. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by Max

Weber, Milton Avery, and other contemporary painters, and some nineteenth-century French work. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings by French and American nineteenth-century artists, including Degas, Pissarro, Cézanne, and Homer.

PAUL KLEE—A set of exquisite little drawings, dating mostly from the early nineteen-twenties and newly arrived in this country. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57th St.; through July 31.)

GROUPS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: The gallery's usual exhibitors; through July 18. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: A summer survey of this gallery's activities, in the fields of both contemporary painting and folk art; through Aug. 8. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57th St.: The gallery's group, including Joseph de Martini, Ogden Pleissner, and Carl Gaertner; through July 31. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Doris Rosenthal, Waldo Peirce, and others, selected from last season's shows; through July 25. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: The gallery's group, including B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Amédée Ozenfant, and others; through July 25. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works, ranging from the representational to the abstract, by fifteen painters and three sculptors; through July 18. . . . **LEVITT**, 16 W. 57th St.: Water colors by Virginia Berresford, Isaac Lane Muse, and others; Mondays through Fridays, 12 noon to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

OUT OF TOWN—Mystic Art Association, Mystic, Conn. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1:30 to 5 P.M.; through July 27.) . . . ¶ Lyme Art Association, Old Lyme, Conn. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 17.) . . . ¶ Silvermine Guild of Artists, Silvermine, Conn. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6 P.M.; through July 26.) . . . ¶ Woodstock Association, Woodstock, N.Y. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 16.) . . . ¶ Rockport Art Association, Rockport, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 6 P.M.; through July 29.) . . . ¶ North Shore Arts Association, Gloucester, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 7.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Part of the Museum's collection of stone portrait sculpture, from ancient Egyptian pieces to present-day ones. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A loan show of modern Jewish paintings, in addition to an interesting display of ceremonial objects. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through the summer.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Dutch paintings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries looted from Holland by the Nazis, recovered by the U.S. Army, and now here on loan from the Netherlands government; through July 31. . . . ¶ An exhibition of sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans; through the summer. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Fifty-eight paintings in oil and other media, commissioned by Nathan M. Ohrbach, in an ambitious but rather unfruitful attempt to picture New York. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An Alfred Stieglitz memorial exhibition, covering his career both as photographer and as art patron and dealer. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54th St.—A comprehensive and well-organized showing of works by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, formerly one of the leaders of the Bauhaus group, who died last year. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through July 13.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium are held on

Here he is now!

RED LABEL
BLACK LABEL
Johnnie Walker Red Label
Johnnie Walker Black Label

Both 86.8 Proof

When good friends get together, the company is never really complete without that smoothest and mellowest of all friends—genial Johnnie Walker. To anyone who knows fine scotch whisky, the appearance of Johnnie Walker brings pleasure without parallel.

Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call . . . call again.

BORN 1820
. . . still going strong

JOHNNIE WALKER
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, New York • *Sole Importer*

For men of action*
GROUSE SHOOTING
AFTER SHAVE LOTION
LENTHÉRIC

QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING

Lenthéric's famous tingling-fresh After-Shave Lotion, in de luxe wood-capped decanter. Four ounces, $2.50. Eight ounces, $4.00. *Plus tax.*

Requisites by Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1947, Lenthéric, Inc.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

most clear evenings at 8:30. The schedule for this week and next follows. Thursday, July 10: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Joseph Szigeti, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12: Alexander Smallens conducting an evening of Italian music, with Giuseppe de Luca, baritone; Jan Peerce, tenor; and others. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, July 14-15: Music from "Madame Butterfly," conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos, and sung by Eleanor Steber, soprano; Felix Knight, tenor; and the Robin Hood Dell Chorus. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 16: Alexander Smallens conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Paul Robeson, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19: Sigmund Romberg conducting a program of his music, with Leone Hall, soprano, and others. (Tickets at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AU 3-3400; and in the lobby of the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

OPERA—The **INTERNATIONALE OPERA COMPANY**: Tuesday and Thursday evenings, July 15 and 17, operas to be announced. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.) . . . ¶ **LEMONADE OPERA**: Sunday through Tuesday evenings, July 13-15, at 8:40, "La Serva Padrona" and "Hansel and Gretel," both in English. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360 or WA 9-4868.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the annual series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ City Amateur Symphony Orchestra, Leopold Prince conducting. (Saturday evenings, July 12 and 19, at 8:30.)

OUT OF TOWN—Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Berkshire Music Festival. (Theatre-Concert Hall, Tanglewood, at Lenox, Mass. Sunday afternoon, July 13, at 3:30, and Tuesday evening, July 15, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ The Colony Opera Guild presenting "The Old Maid and the Thief" and Act II of "Faust." (Schroon Lake, N. Y. Friday evening, July 11, at 8:15.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **EBBETS FIELD**: Thursday and Saturday, July 10 and 12, at 2 P.M., and Friday, July 11, at 8:30 P.M., Dodgers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 2 P.M., and Monday, July 14, at 8:30 P.M., Dodgers vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Thursday, July 15 and 17, at 2 P.M., and Wednesday, July 16, at 8:30 P.M., Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8:30 P.M., and Saturday, July 19, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. St. Louis. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Thursday, July 10, at 8:45 P.M., and Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheaders), Giants vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 2 P.M. (doubleheader), and Monday, July 14, at 2:30 P.M., Giants vs. Pittsburgh. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 15, at 8:45 P.M., Wednesday, July 16, at 2:30 P.M., and Thursday, July 17, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), Giants vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8:45 P.M., and Saturday, July 19, at 2:30 P.M., Giants vs. Cincinnati.

BOXING—Friday, July 11: Georgie Abrams vs. Steve Belloise, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18: Charley Fusari vs. Eddie Giosa, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

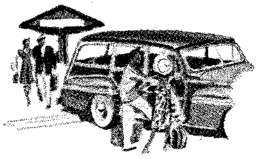
DOG SHOW—Springfield Kennel Club. (Agawam, Mass. Sunday, July 13.)

GOLF—New York State Golf Association Amateur and Senior Championships. (Westchester Country Club, Rye, N.Y.; through Saturday, July 12.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Essex Fells Country Club, Essex Fells, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, July 10-12.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Senior Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, N.Y. Tuesday, July 15.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Pomo-

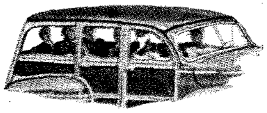
More OF EVERYTHING YOU WANT WITH *Mercury*

One day in the life of a Mercury Station Wagon shows you why it's about the most useful car you ever owned!

You pick up week-end guests at the station. There's a whole lot more luggage than you expected, but it all fits easily—*and* your friends do, too! Eight people ride comfortably—with plenty of leg room and elbow room for everyone. And the clear, full vision in all directions is a treat for the passengers as well as the driver.



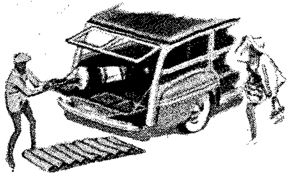
More fashionable—wherever you go



More room—whenever you need it

Nice part of it is—your Mercury Station Wagon is the *smartest* car *wherever* you go—at the beach, the club, the local playhouse or even in town.

The body is made of beautifully grained hard woods fashioned with the finest of craftsmanship—built to last!

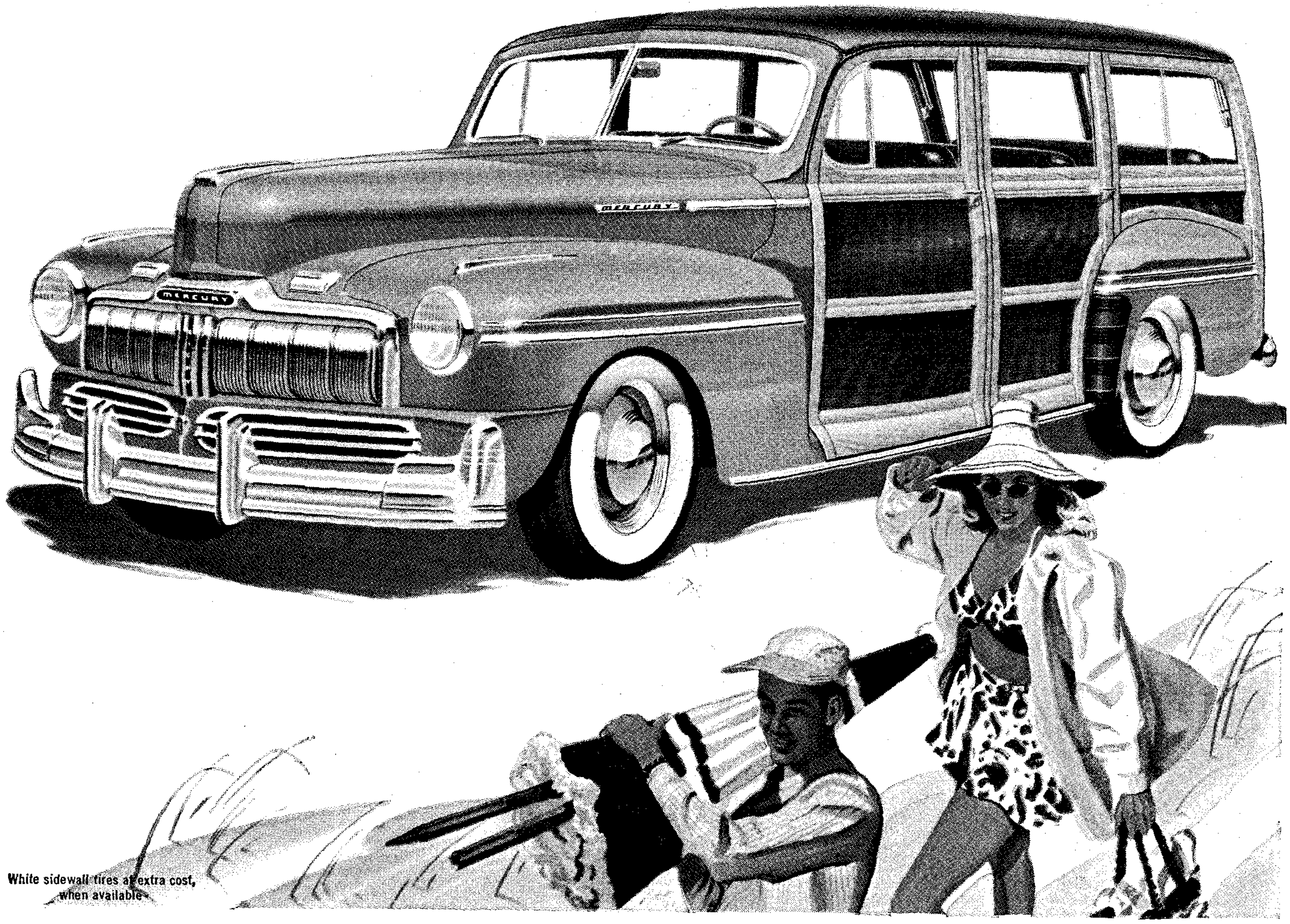


More practical—for every purpose

What's more, this handsome spacious station wagon has all the famous liveliness that makes Mercury more fun to drive—*plus* gas and oil economy unusual in such a big, powerful car.

For *more of everything you want*—get to know the Mercury Station Wagon.

MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY



White sidewall tires at extra cost, when available

EST. 1830
BELLOWS
BELLOWS
PARTNERS CHOICE
WHISKEY—A BLEND
Carefully selected to meet the exacting requirements of a century old trade and private clientele
Distributed by
BELLOWS & COMPANY, Inc.
ESTABLISHED 1830 · NEW YORK CITY
BRANCHES
COLORADO SPRINGS · CHICAGO
BELLOWS
BUSINESS ESTABLISHED 1830
BELLOWS
FINE CLUB
DISTILLED DRY GIN
Carefully distilled according to our own formula
bottled for
BELLOWS & COMPANY Inc.
New York, N.Y.
⅘ QUART
90 PROOF
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
EST. 1830
BELLOWS
IMPORTED FROM ST. CROIX, WEST INDIES
BELLOWS & COMPANY
Established 1830
CRUZAN RUM
GOLD LABEL
Light in character and of fine flavor distilled on the island of St. Croix, and shipped by
St. Croix Sugar Cane Industries
Christiansted St. Croix, West Indies
Exclusively for
BELLOWS & COMPANY INC.
Importers and Wine Merchants
PRODUCT OF ST. CROIX, W.I.

BELLOWS

. . . a name that has appeared on the labels of fine domestic and imported wines and spirits for more than a hundred years. Bellows Partners Choice, Fine Club Gin and Cruzan Rum are representative of a respected name — a light, full-flavored whiskey, a delicate, mellow gin and a West Indies Rum, clear and softly flavored. Of our many items, these three are favored for general service.

Bellows & Company

IMPORTERS AND WINE MERCHANTS
ESTABLISHED 1830

New York · Colorado Springs · Chicago

PARTNERS CHOICE
Whiskey—A Blend
60% Grain Neutral
Spirits • 86.8 Proof

FINE CLUB
Distilled Dry Gin
Distilled from 100%
Grain Neutral Spirits
90 Proof

CRUZAN RUM
Gold or White Label
86 Proof

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nok Country Club, Flushing, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, July 17-20.)

Polo—At BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury, L.I.: Handicap Polo Championship Tournament, Sundays at 3:30 P.M.... MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.... BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase, N.Y.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.... FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT CLUB, Westport, Conn.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.

Racing—At EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:30 P.M.; through Thursday, July 17. The Butler Handicap, July 12. (Frequent trains leave *Penn Station* Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 A.M. and 1:10 P.M., and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.) ... EMPIRE CITY AT BELMONT: Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, at 1:30 P.M. The East View Stakes, and the Gold Cup, July 19.... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; through July 30. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, July 12; the Choice Stakes, July 19. (A special train leaves Penn Station Mondays through Fridays at 12:25 P.M., and Saturdays at 11:55 A.M.)

Tennis—Eastern Clay Court Championships. (Jackson Heights Tennis Club, Jackson Heights, L.I. HA 9-9312; starting Saturday, July 12.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.) ... SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.: Weekdays at 8:15 P.M.; through Aug. 23.

Yachting—Championship Races on the Sound—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club. (Port Washington, L.I. Saturday, July 12.) ... ¶ Indian Harbor Yacht Club. (Greenwich, Conn. Sunday, July 13.) ... ¶ Huguenot Yacht Club. (New Rochelle, N.Y. Saturday, July 19.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—About two hundred visitors may look on during the open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. Other groups convene in smaller rooms, some of which have simultaneous-interpretation equipment. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, after 3 P.M. on the day before you want to go. Trains to Great Neck are met at frequent intervals by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "Science Makes Weather." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Photographs of New York slums that Jacob Riis, the social reformer, took in the eighteen-nineties. Interesting as examples of early flashlight photography, and as contradictions of the legend that the old days were good. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC.

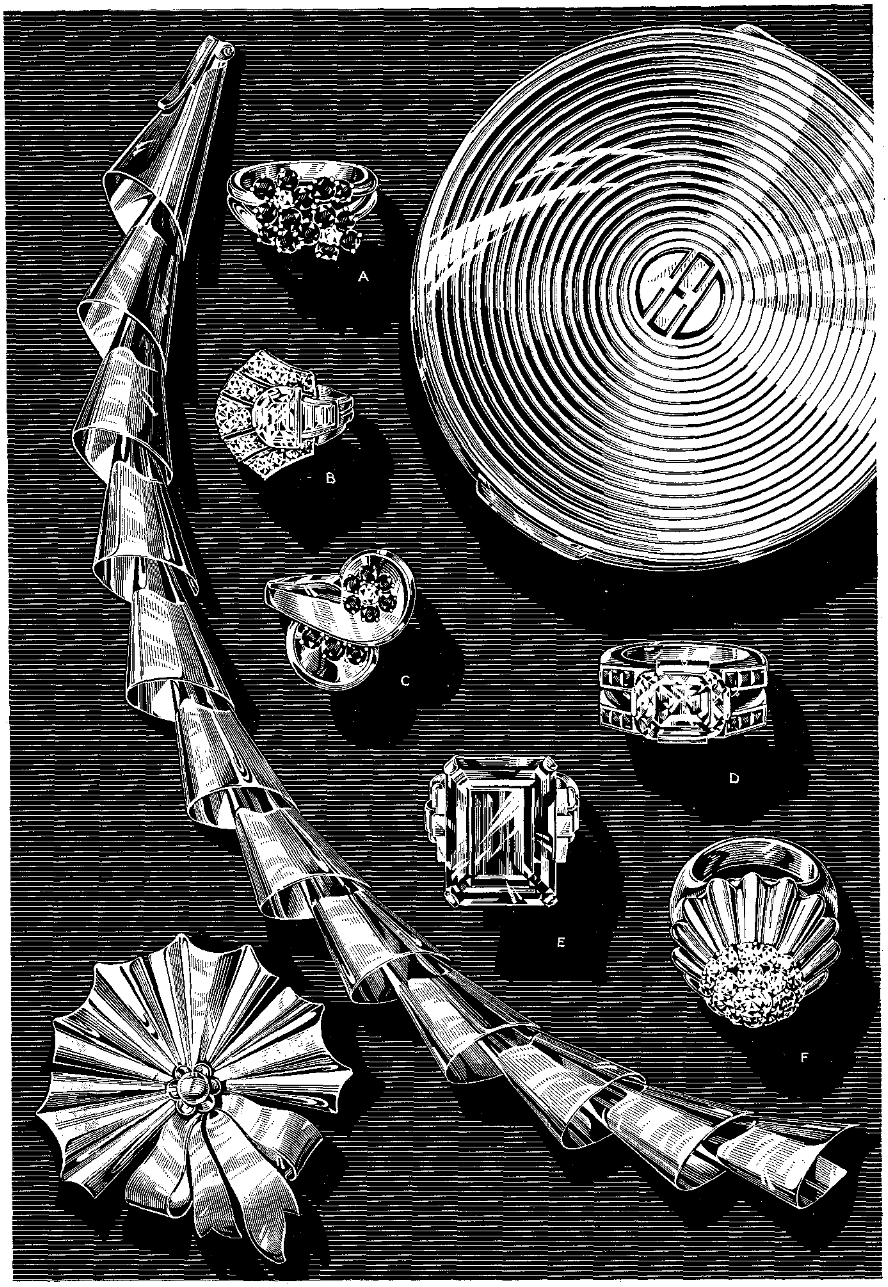
Music—N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting, Sunday, July 13, at 5 P.M., WNBC. ... ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, July 13, at 3 P.M., WCBS.... ¶ Lewisohn Stadium concert, Alexander Smallens conducting, Wednesday, July 16, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.... ¶ Berkshire Music Festival, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, July 15, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Boxing: Tony Zale vs. Rocky Graziano, for the middleweight championship, at Chicago, Wednesday, July 16, at 11 P.M., WNBC.... ¶ Racing: The Butler Handicap, at Jamaica, Saturday, July 12, at 4 P.M., WJZ.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ Fiorello LaGuardia, Saturdays at 7:45 P.M., WINS, and Sundays at 12 noon, WJZ.

TIFFANY & CO.

Diamonds of fine color and brilliancy.
A large selection of 14 kt. gold jewelry.
Silverware, china and glassware.



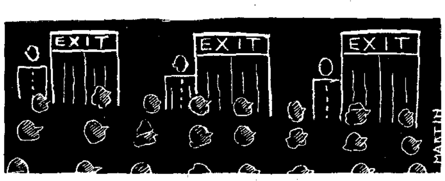
14 KT. GOLD VANITY CASE	$ 200.
A. RUBY AND DIAMOND RING	460.
B. DIAMOND RING	2850.
C. 14 KT. GOLD, SAPPHIRE AND DIAMOND RING	255.
D. YELLOW SAPPHIRE, RUBY AND 14 KT. GOLD RING	700.
E. AMETHYST AND 14 KT. GOLD RING	320.
F. DIAMOND AND 14 KT. GOLD RING	1625.
14 KT. GOLD BRACELET	115.
14 KT. GOLD BROOCH	49.

PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX

FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Best Years of Our Lives—In spite of all the rapt comments you may have heard about this narrative of the postwar difficulties of three veterans, it is often just slick and pretentious. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Boomerang!—A generally taut and exciting courtroom melodrama, presented in documentary style. With Dana Andrews, Arthur Kennedy, and Lee Cobb. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; July 13-16. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting July 15.)

Brief Encounter—The Noel Coward story of an affair between a respectable British matron and a doctor. With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting July 14.)

Dead of Night—A series of eerie episodes that includes everything from Death disguised as a bus driver to a ventriloquist's dummy who succeeds in dominating his master. Michael Redgrave is supported by a skilled cast. An English film. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through July 16.)

Henry V—Laurence Olivier's magnificent rendition of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Broadway, B'way at 53rd, CI 7-2887; July 10.)

The Late George Apley—Not to be mentioned in the same breath with the Marquand novel, but an engaging item that follows the stage play in most details. With Ronald Colman, Percy Waram, and Mildred Natwick. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting July 13. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; starting July 16.)

The Macomber Affair—Hemingway's tale of a disturbing lady and a couple of gentlemen out shooting in Africa, softened up by Hollywood but still good. With Joan Bennett, Gregory Peck, and Robert Preston. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; starting July 16.)

The Magic Bow—This English film, based very, very dimly on some episodes in the life of Nicolò Paganini, is enlivened by the offstage violin playing of Yehudi Menuhin. Stewart Granger is most persuasive as the great man, and Phyllis Calvert is properly charming as the noblewoman he's wild about. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Miracle on 34th Street—A most entertaining, if unseasonable, Christmas fantasy that spoofs such things as high-pressure merchandising methods and big-league psychiatry. Edmund Gwenn is just about perfect as an eccentric old gentleman convinced that he is Kriss Kringle. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting July 16.)

Open City—A powerful Italian job concerning the wartime underground in Rome. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Overlanders—A tense and vivid Australian semi-documentary describing the transfer of a thousand head of cattle from the northern territory of Australia southeastward to Queensland during 1942, when the Japanese were just over the antipodean horizon. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Perils of Pauline—Betty Hutton doing a slapstick interpretation of the life and times of Pearl White, the movie-serial queen. Miss Hutton is loud and funny, and bangs around in great style. Constance Collier, Billy De Wolfe, and William Demarest help her through the uproar. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, BR 9-8738.)

The Well Digger's Daughter—The late Raimu in a French film demonstrating that seduction and its consequences are not always as disastrous as they are believed to be. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

The Yearling—Taken from the Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings novel about a boy in the Florida wilderness in 1878. Mighty fine in most respects, but handicapped by some overpowering choral music and some pretty sticky scenes between a fawn and the child. Claude Jarman, Jr., and Gregory Peck are altogether satisfactory. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through July 13. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through July 14.)

REVIVALS

Fantasia (1940)—The Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; July 12-13.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews thoroughly involved in homicide. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520; July 11-14.)

M, the Kidnapper (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11-14.)

Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Gertrude Lawrence. An English picture. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through July 11.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead as Catherine, Empress of All the Russias. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through July 11. . . . ¶ Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; July 11-12.)

The Sea Wolf (1941)—Jack London's tale, revised once more. With Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, and John Garfield. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; July 14-15.)

The Son of the Sheik (1926)—The old one, with Rudolph Valentino. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

State Fair (1945)—Champion pigs, romance, and songs. Dick Haymes, Jeanne Crain, and Charles Winninger. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 12.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and some dogs. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520; and Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; July 10. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, CH 3-9395; through July 11. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 13.)

They Were Five (1938)—A French film concerning a lottery and a country inn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—You know, flying carpets and jinn. Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; through July 11.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. July 10, at 4 and 8 P.M.: "Hamlet" (1920), Danish film, with Asta Nielsen; and "The Last Laugh" (1924), with Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ July 11-13: "Nju" (1924), directed by Paul Czinner, with Elisabeth Bergner. . . . ¶ Starting July 14: "The Treasure" (1924). Showings, except as noted above, are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., Thursday evenings at 8, and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. For information about tickets, call CI 5-8900.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES.

Broadway, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-2887)
July 10: **HENRY V.**
From July 11: "Copacabana," Carmen Miranda, Groucho Marx.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through July 16: "Fiesta," Esther Williams, Ricardo Montalban.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
Through July 15: "Ivy," Joan Fontaine, Patric Knowles.
From July 16: "Brute Force," Burt Lancaster, Hume Cronyn.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
Through July 11: "Ramrod," Veronica Lake, Joel McCrea.
From July 12: "Trouble with Women," Ray Milland, Teresa Wright, Brian Donlevy.

Hollywood, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Possessed," Joan Crawford, Van Heflin, Raymond Massey.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," Gene Tierney, Rex Harrison.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
Through July 15: "Riff-Raff," Pat O'Brien, Walter Slezak, Anne Jeffreys.
From July 16: "They Won't Believe Me," Susan Hayward, Robert Young.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
PERILS OF PAULINE.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Repeat Performance," Louis Hayward, Joan Leslie.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through July 15: "Moss Rose," Victor Mature, Peggy Cummins.
From July 16: "Bob, Son of Battle," Lon McCallister, Peggy Ann Garner, Edmund Gwenn.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Unfaithful," Ann Sheridan, Lew Ayres, Zachary Scott.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"Duel in the Sun," Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Joseph Cotten.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
Through July 16: "New Orleans," Arturo de Cordova, Dorothy Patrick.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
FANTASIA, revival.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"L'Atalante" (in French); and "Zéro de Conduite" (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
"The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), Ferruccio Tagliavini.

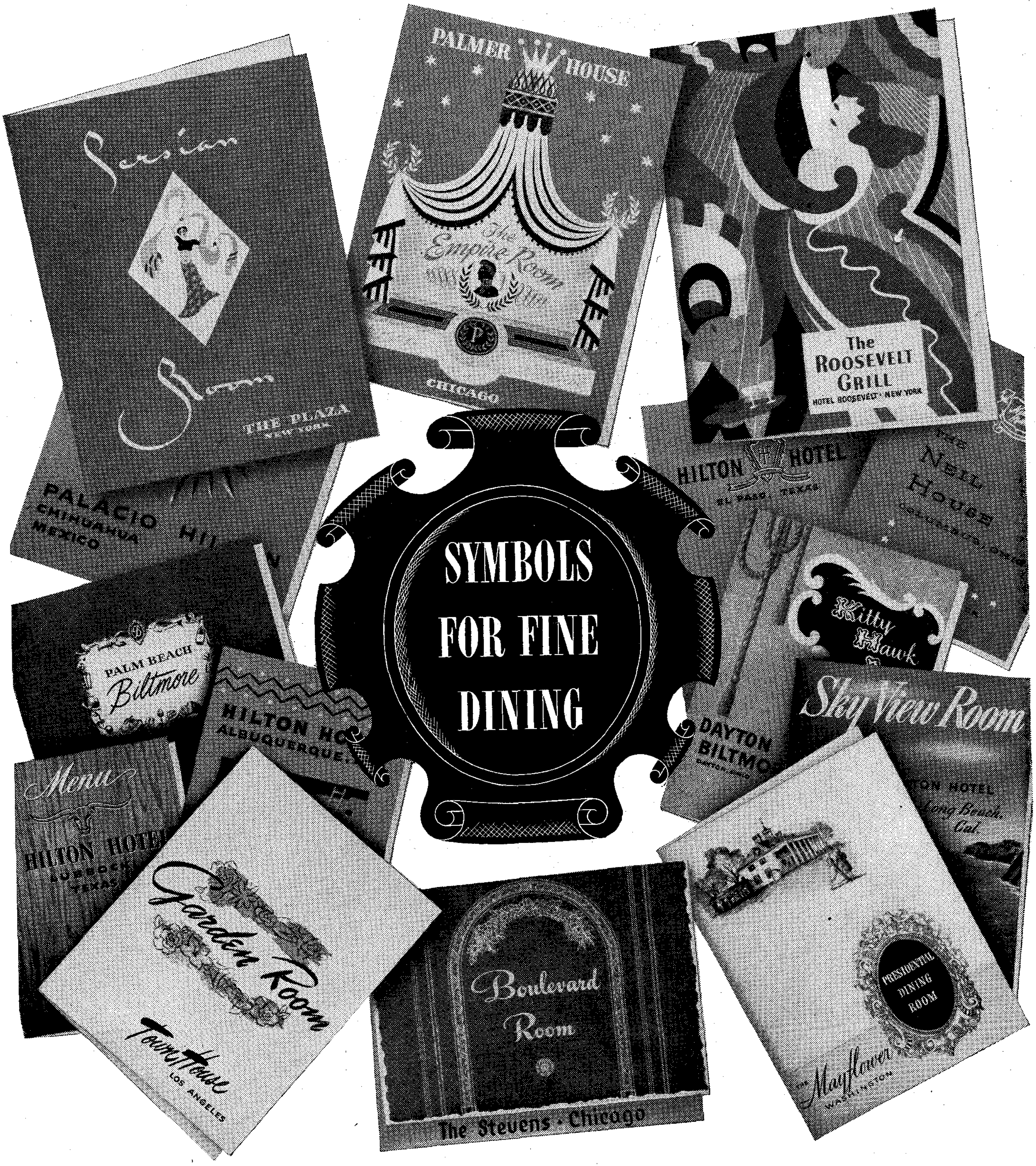
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
THE MAGIC BOW.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
Through July 16: "They Were Sisters," James Mason, Phyllis Calvert.

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st (WI 7-9686)
"The Vow" (in Russian).

Studio 65, B'way at 65th. (EN 2-4660)
"Shop-Girls of Paris" (in French).

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.


SYMBOLS FOR FINE DINING
Persian Room
THE PLAZA NEW YORK
PALMER HOUSE
The Empire Room
CHICAGO
The ROOSEVELT GRILL
HOTEL ROOSEVELT · NEW YORK
PALACIO HILTON
CHIHUAHUA MEXICO
HILTON HOTEL
EL PASO, TEXAS
The Neil House
COLUMBUS, OHIO
Kitty Hawk
PALM BEACH Biltmore
HILTON HOTEL
ALBUQUERQUE
DAYTON BILTMORE
Sky View Room
HILTON HOTEL
Long Beach, Cal.
Menu
HILTON HOTEL
LUBBOCK TEXAS
Garden Room
Town House
LOS ANGELES
Boulevard Room
The Stevens · Chicago
PRESIDENTIAL DINING ROOM
The Mayflower
WASHINGTON

Food and service to please every taste—that is the enviable reputation of Hilton Hotels across the nation. Each of these fourteen world-renowned hotels is recognized for the individuality of the food it serves, as well as for the comfort and inherently fine traditions of friendly hospitality.

Hilton Hotels
THE
ACROSS NATION
C. N. HILTON, PRESIDENT

EXECUTIVE OFFICES • THE STEVENS • CHICAGO 5, ILLINOIS

Germaine monteil
BODY SACHET

EAU DE COLOGNE *Fragrant as rain-drenched spring flowers. Refreshing assurance of all-day loveliness.*

DUSTING POWDER *Cloud-soft and filmy. Quietly perfumed to keep you charming from bath time to night time.*

BODY SACHET *Perfume in powder form. Superbly scented. Makes every season seem like spring.*

fresh the whole day
spring the whole year

Germaine Monteil

Germaine Monteil
Germaine monteil
BOUQUET EAU DE COLOGNE

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

STEAM FROM A BUBBLING CALDRON: A man in California told hospital attendants that he inexplicably felt sick, and an X-ray revealed that he had swallowed his toothbrush. A motorist found a pink-eyed frog on Broadway. A family in New Jersey were told that they could have an apartment if they would keep a goat that the landlady's son needed for bacteriology experiments at his college, and a family in Pennsylvania were saved from having their house sold out from under them when a landslide tumbled into the back yard, frightening off prospective buyers. At the Harvard Commencement, the Dean of the Public Health Graduate School bobbled and said, "I hereby confer the following diseases upon you." The weekly Payette Lakes (Idaho) *Star* enlarged its pages, explaining, "We have been getting complaints that our paper was too small to wrap a bottle of whiskey in." A worker at the Coleburn distillery, in Morayshire, Scotland, turned the wrong valve and sent eight hundred gallons of Scotch flowing into a creek instead of into casks, and a Swedish naval vessel, testing radar in the Baltic, located and salvaged a case of first-rate brandy.

Head-hunters in northeast Burma are reported to have increased their take to fifty heads at a time by using machine guns stolen from the Chinese Army. The British Industries Fair, in London, featured an amplifying contraption that enabled visitors to hear moth grubs eating through good tweed. After a parade in Elizabeth, New Jersey, someone stole the reviewing stand. The postwar period began semi-officially when an advertiser in the *Times* offered for sale a "beautiful castle in aristocratic southwest France." The Department of Agriculture announced that contented cows do give more milk, and a waitress in Mississippi threw a chocolate pie at her boss. It leaked out from the Office of Scientific Research and Development that the first proposal for the use of military rockets by the United States in the second World War came from a physicist whose hobby is archery.

A Colonial alehouse painstakingly reconstructed in Williamsburg has been improved by the addition of an air-conditioning system to keep the candle smoke out of the public's eyes. In Vancouver, an exterminator developed a technique for trapping male rats by playing the recorded mating squeaks of female rats, and in Chicago the directors of Brookfield Zoo unsuccessfully attempted to interest their alligators in mating by imitating alligator love calls on a French horn. A short letter signed by Herbert Hoover brought twenty-five dollars more at a Philadelphia auction than a longer one signed by George Washington. An Irish anthropologist told the Australians that they are getting to look more and more like kangaroos. A Chicago night club began putting on daytime floor shows for men who can't get out at night. The advertiser of a mechanical device for carbonating beverages claims that it makes Sauternes taste "like costly champagne." A boy in Vermont borrowed his father's new plane to go to the junior prom.

WE finally got to wondering about the stylish brougham, complete with top-hatted coachman, in which Rosemarie de Paris delivers high-toned chocolates, and drew its story from the lips of Mrs. Sylvia Stambul, sales manager of Rosemarie, who informed us that the firm's delivery fleet consists of two broughams, a landau, and a Buick station wagon. We're sorry to say the landau is used only for special publicity stunts, and the second brougham is kept under wraps except at Christmastime, when business is heavy. The brougham wheeling about town at this season delivers approximately seventy-five packages a day to customers living between Twenty-third and Ninety-sixth Streets, and the Buick and messengers carry the rest. It costs some seven hundred and fifty dollars a month to operate the brougham. This sum includes the salaries of the coachman and assistant coachman, feed for the horse and assistant horse, and a fresh coat of maroon paint at least once every two years. Mrs. Stambul said that the brougham pays off in advertising and good will. (For a minority opinion, see below.)

Rosemarie de Paris was founded back in 1940 by a Belgian named Binon, who subsequently sold out, founded a rival candy establishment called Princesse de Condé, sold out again, and went to Hollywood, where French words and atmosphere are at an even higher premium than they are here. M. Binon was so carried away by the notion of delivering candy by coach that he designed a coat of arms for Rosemarie featuring two lions rampant bracketing a brougham roulant. Mrs. Stambul passed us on to Charles J. Brodie, the head coachman, whose devotion to his work would warm M. Binon's heart. Brodie told us that his team covers fifteen to twenty miles a day, much of it in heavy traffic. He finds young taxi-drivers a particular nuisance. "They keep boxing me in," he said. "Luckily, the older element among the police is very helpful. They understand horses." On the box, Brodie wears black boots, whipcord breeches, a long tan coat with brass buttons, and a silk top hat. On rainy days, he puts on a slicker and a waterproof cap. In the winter, he wears a maroon woollen coat and an astrakhan.

Mrs. Stambul had told us that the Princesse de Condé firm tried a delivery coach for a while, so we checked there and got an earful from a gentleman named Jacobs. “Lousiest delivery system ever invented,” Jacobs said flatly. “I’m a rough guy on a dollar, and when I came on this job, I asked myself right away, ‘Has the coach ever sold a single box of candy?’ ” To answer this question, Jacobs spent a week tailing, alternately, the Princesse de Condé coach and the Rosemarie de Paris coach. “I found that only one person in twenty who was getting a box of candy ever saw the coach,” Jacobs said. “The doormen in the apartment houses take the packages, so they can get a tip for carrying them upstairs. What does the customer get? A sticker on the package that says it was delivered by coach.” One day, Jacobs spotted the Rosemarie brougham parked outside an Automat near Penn Station. He went into the Automat and found the coachman trying to have lunch. “There was the poor devil, in his high hat and all, shoving nickels into the slots and everybody laughing. If that’s classy publicity, I’ll go drive a coach myself.” Jacobs believes he saved his firm a hundred and seventy-five dollars a week by cutting out coach deliveries. “For one thing,” he said, “it got us out of the hands of all the horse thieves in town. What do I know about coaches? They’d tell me we needed a new tappet pin—cost twenty-five bucks. How was I to know what a tappet pin was? Or what it should cost? I went back to delivery boys and skipped all that eighteenth-century double-talk.”

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The menus in a diner in Union, New Jersey, bear the notification that children will be served free when accompanied by parents who order porterhouse-steak dinners.

In the lobby of the Lenox Hill Hospital is a sign that says, “Visitors to Adult Females—Get in Line Here.”

Cynic

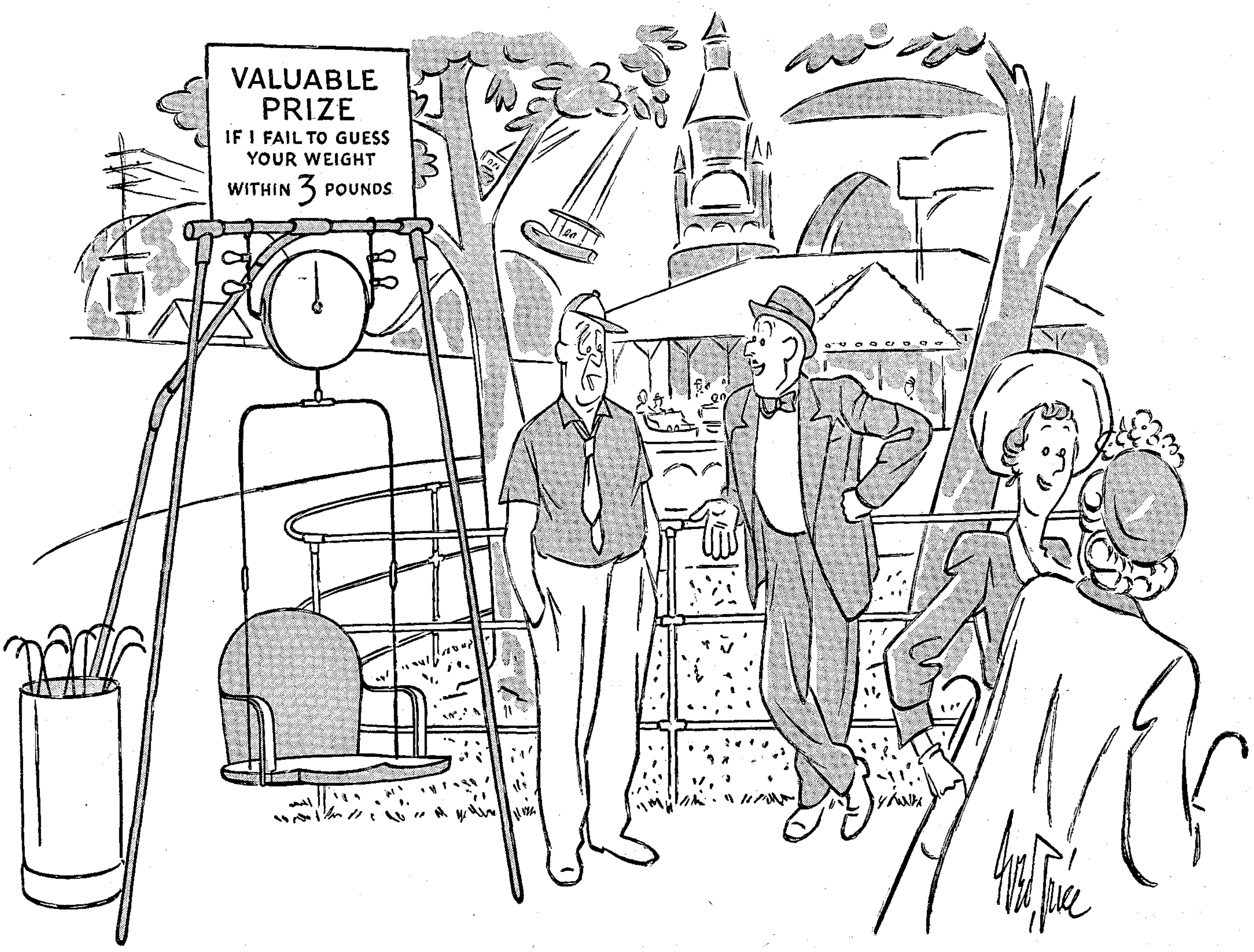
MOTHERS are beginning to receive letters from their sons in camp. One arrived from a businesslike young man last Thursday, a pencilled epistle that consisted of three pages of personal and camp trivia, and a fourth page, covered with a variety of hieroglyphics, including “X”s, under the notation “This page reserved for kisses and other flapdoodle.”

Never an Ache or a Pain

OUR Third Avenue correspondent has long been accustomed to check his watch with a large, wooden-framed, neatly painted black clock on the face of the brick tenement building at 840 Third Avenue, just north of Fifty-first Street. The clock fits between two windows at the second-floor level and is so placed that it serves with equal convenience passengers on the “L” and passersby in the laddered light-and-darkness of the avenue below. To our Third Avenue man, who is as conscious as anyone that little is offered to the public any more without ballyhoo, the most remarkable thing about the clock is that it tells him the correct time without obliging him to note that something or other is the remedy or drink for him. It doesn’t even bear its owner’s name, and it was only because of our man’s excellent connections in that region that he learned the identity of this shy benefactor. He is Mr. John Murphy, the superintendent of the building at 840 and of the two adjacent buildings, and the occupant, with his wife, of the flat directly behind the clock.

Our representative had a talk with Mr. Murphy in the kitchen of his flat one day last week and reports that he found him a round-faced, blue-eyed man of seventy-nine, who looks sixty and wears his hat indoors and out. It is an olive-colored, high-crowned felt hat, pinched to a central peak. Acknowledging a comment on its quality, Mr. Murphy swept it off and said, “Lord love us, it *ought* to be good. It’s a John B. Stetson. Paid fifteen dollars for it in Philadelphia, P-a., in 1916. What I like, it’s so light I never know I have it on.” Mr. Murphy is a man of extensive clock-and-watch interests. The walls of his kitchen, dining room, and parlor are covered with clocks—some six feet high, some two inches high, some in wooden cases, some in brass, others with no cases at all, some French, some English, some American, and every one of them in working order. “I like to hear ’em ticking away,” he said. “Like so many hearts. Some tick fast and scared-like, some tick slow, but they all tell the time to the second. Those big brass clocks—I bought them when the saloons closed down in the time of prohibition. I always say my clocks are for sale, but I never sell ’em—just keep cleaning and tinkering with ’em. I do watch repairing, too—mostly for amusement, you might say. People hear of me, bring in a watch, get it fixed up nice, tell other people, and so it goes. I don’t believe in advertising. I believe in letting people do what they want to. That clock out front—I stuck it there to sort of help out, and because it was too big for in here. People from all over town set their watches by it, and it’s never more than two or three seconds off. Some people come up and say, ‘Let me put an advertisement on it, I’ll pay you good money for it,’ and I say, ‘I’d rather smash the clock to bits, and you get to hell out of here with that kind of talk.’ ”

Mr. Murphy settled on Third Avenue over thirty years ago, because it appealed to him as a peaceful backwater after prolonged travels during his youth and early middle age. He was born in Jerseyville, Illinois, and ran away from home when he was ten. “Haven’t seen my brothers and sisters since ’79,” he said matter-of-factly. “Maybe they’re all dead. Still, I got children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, and that’s enough for me.” He worked for McCaffrey Brothers in the eighties. That firm bought unbroken mustangs on the range, shipped them East, and sold them at auction. Later, Mr. Murphy was with the Washburn & Arlington Circus, the Pawnee Bill Circus, and the



"I suppose these falsies are giving you fellows quite a headache."

• •

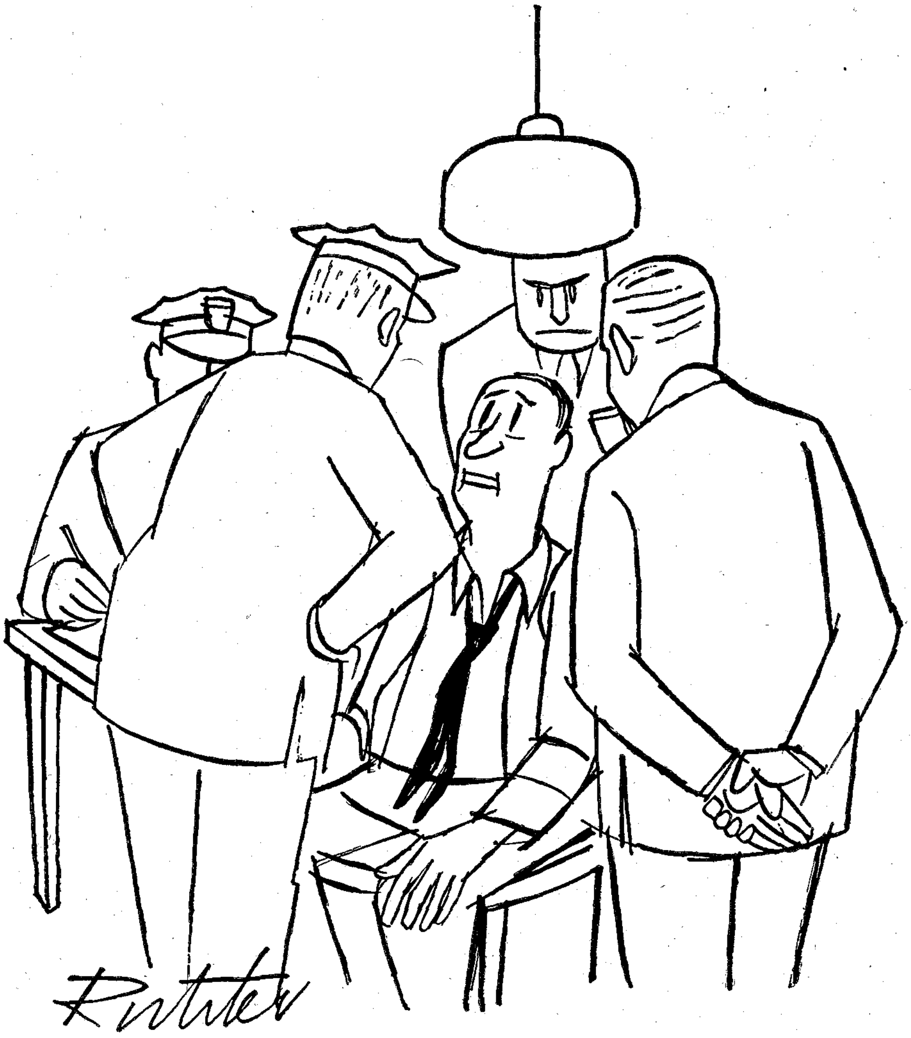
Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, in all of which he did trick riding and bronco-busting. "Had ten ribs and both hands broke," he said, "and have never an ache or a pain today." He left Buffalo Bill for the Lackawanna Railroad and left the Lackawanna for a job painting automobile bodies, in the days when it was being done by hand. When he was asked to blow paint on a car with a gun, he quit. By then he was getting along in years, and superintending buildings and mending clocks and watches, for which he'd always had a knack, proved an agreeable way of spending his days. Our man asked Mr. Murphy how Third Avenue compares now with what it was like thirty years ago. Mr. Murphy told him the neighborhood has improved greatly.

Charnel House

ONE of our Westchester operatives, coming in to town on a noon local from Scarsdale last Wednesday, tuned in on two substantial matrons seated just in front of him, who were deep in a discussion of their newspaper-reading habits. "I never read the *Times*," one said, "and I won't let Harry read it. It's too morbid." She paused, and then asked reflectively, "Why do you suppose so many more people die in the *Times* than in the other papers?"

Pickled

THE United States Navy now consists of three thousand ships, two-thirds of which have been, are being, or are about to be inactivated. This means bringing the vessels to a state of combat readiness and then sealing up, or "pickling," them. Navy men expect that the pickling process they've worked out will preserve the ships for twenty years, and figure the cost will be comparatively insignificant. The Atlantic Reserve Fleet, which contains nine hundred and eighty-two ships, costing more than five and a half billion dollars, will be given the full twenty-year inactivation treatment at an initial outlay of twenty-three million dollars, plus an annual upkeep of around four million. The latter figure doesn't include the cost of Navy personnel, but according to the Navy's calculations about five per cent of its strength will take care of all its pickled ships. The Atlantic Reserve Fleet is divided administratively into eight groups, each with a base in an Atlantic or Gulf Coast port. Each base more or less specializes in pickling a particular type of vessel. New London pickles submarines; Norfolk, carriers; Green Cove Springs, Florida, small craft, such as tugs and landing boats; Boston, escort carriers; Philadelphia, cruisers and carriers. At the moment, a hundred and six pickled destroyers are berthed at Charleston and a hundred and twenty-seven auxiliary vessels at Orange, Texas. The cruisers Guam and Alaska, the carriers Wasp, Franklin, and Enterprise, and the battleships



"Well, I happen to be a teacher by profession, and finding it necessary to supplement my income . . ."

• •

Washington and North Carolina, which were pickled locally, have been towed to their berths at Bayonne, New Jersey. If everything goes well, it takes around four months to pickle a battleship or carrier, three to pickle a cruiser, and two to pickle smaller ships.

The first steps in pickling a ship are to chip, clean, and repaint all painted surfaces, dismantle, oil, and reassemble the guns, and stow away equipment, such as life rafts, that can be taken off the weather decks. Then non-loose items of deck equipment—winches, searchlights, and the like—are covered with what are known as Vinylite plastic packages, which are waterproof, airproof, and resistant to the heat of the sun. Inside each package is a canister of silica gel, which adsorbs moisture. When the gel can adsorb no more moisture, it changes color, and an inspector puts another canister in the package. Anti-aircraft-gun turrets are sealed with a paper made of wax and cotton, which is fastened on with masking tape and then sprayed with Vinylite. The turrets of big guns are dehumidified, like the interior of the ship, by mechanical means. All ducts and pipes are protected by anti-rust preservative, which is sucked through them. The hull is given a coat of anti-fouling plastic bottom paint, proof against corrosion and barnacles for fifteen years in fresh water and five in salt. The interior is sealed off vertically into zones, and a large mechanical dehumidifier is set up in each zone. (The Washington has seven.) The dehumidifiers suck in the air, dry it by means of cylinders of silica gel, and expel it within the compartment; then, by heating the gel, they dry it and keep it usable. It is thought that this process of dehumidification will make it difficult for rust to form. After the first World War, a heavy coating of grease was applied to decommissioned ships and their equipment, and that was about that. The process wasn't very satisfactory. For one thing, the grease got so hard it was almost impossible to remove. The Navy used to count on taking seven months to activate a decommissioned destroyer; it estimates that now it can get one ready in thirty days.

Stuck

LADY tells us she bought a pressure cooker at Bloomingdale's one day last week, carried it home, and at once put it to use in the roasting of a fine six-pound leg of lamb. When it came time to take out the roast, she found that the lid wouldn't budge, and all the usual housewifely stratagems—dousing the cooker with hot water, dousing it with cold water, tapping it against the edge of the stove, appealing to its better nature—proved to be vain. She took it back to Bloomingdale's next morning and, with understandable resentment, handed it to the section manager. After peeking through the little hole in the lid into which the pressure valve fits, the section manager was so moved that he not only refunded the price of the cooker but awarded the lady five dollars for the succulent, and inaccessible, roast within.

Tiger

WHEN Mr. Truman addressed the Canadian Parliament a while ago, the papers reported that at the conclusion of his speech the members rose to their feet and, under the leadership of Prime Minister King, gave him three cheers and a tiger. Later, the President was quoted as having said, "I have heard of people receiving three cheers and a tiger, but it never happened to me before." Well, this naturally set in motion one of our minor investigations. A research assistant of ours, a young man of notable curiosity and patience who suddenly realized that he didn't know any more about this tiger business than President Truman (or us), volunteered to try to find out what a tiger is, exactly, and we encouraged him. He has now turned in his notes on the subject. To begin with, he reports that he ran into a philological Donnybrook Fair, with distrustful and ill-tempered scholars beating each other over the head with large, heavy books and the whole lot of them winding up in a bloody heap at the foot of the glossary. About the only area of agreement he found was the definition of a tiger as a howl, yell, or shriek at the end of a round of cheering. There's considerable debate as to whether one should pronounce the word "tiger" in giving the tiger, but most authorities say no—just a shriek.

Believing that a text on cheerleading might provide a worth-while clue, our man consulted a volume called "Cheerleading and Marching Bands," by Newt Loken and Otis Dypwick (1945). This defines a tiger as "the action at the end of a yell, in which the cheerleader leaps into the air with arms and legs outstretched." (We're afraid the Prime Minister muffed this.) The volume goes on to say, "Thought to be the 'granddaddy' of all high-school and college yells is the renowned Princeton Locomotive:

Ray, ray, ray,
Tiger, tiger, tiger,
Sis, sis, sis,
Boom, boom, boom,
Aaaaaaaaah!
Princeton, Princeton, Princeton."

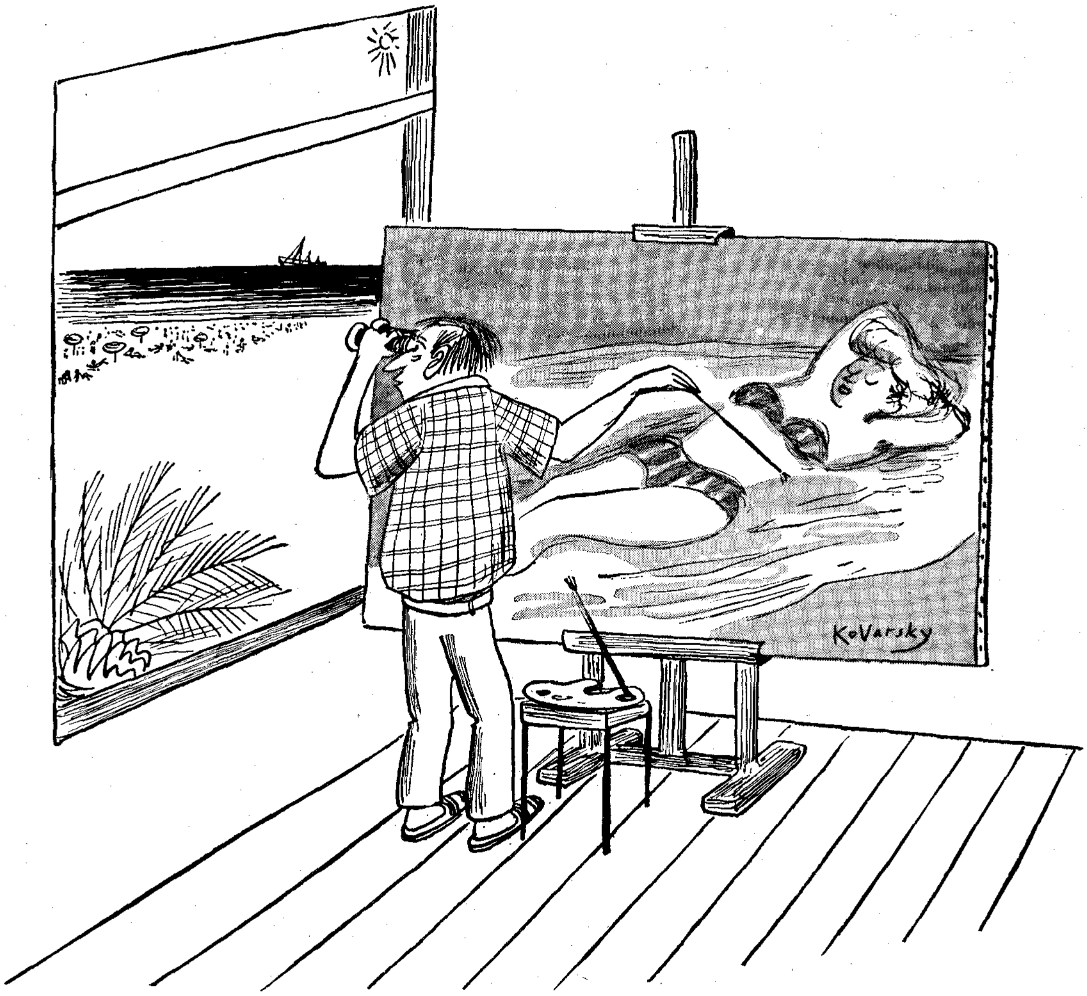
Since this yell has the word "tiger" in it, our man thought he might be on a scent. After a quick look into the Encyclopædia Britannica, which gave him a slightly different version of the yell but shed no light on its origin, he consulted an old-timer at Princeton, who told him that part of the cheer had been borrowed from the "skyrocket cheer" of the New York 7th Regiment when it passed through Princeton during the Civil War. This yell consisted of "sis, boom, aah." The tiger line was added, the Princeton authority said, in the eighties, in which decade the tiger (the animal) was adopted as the symbol of Princeton.

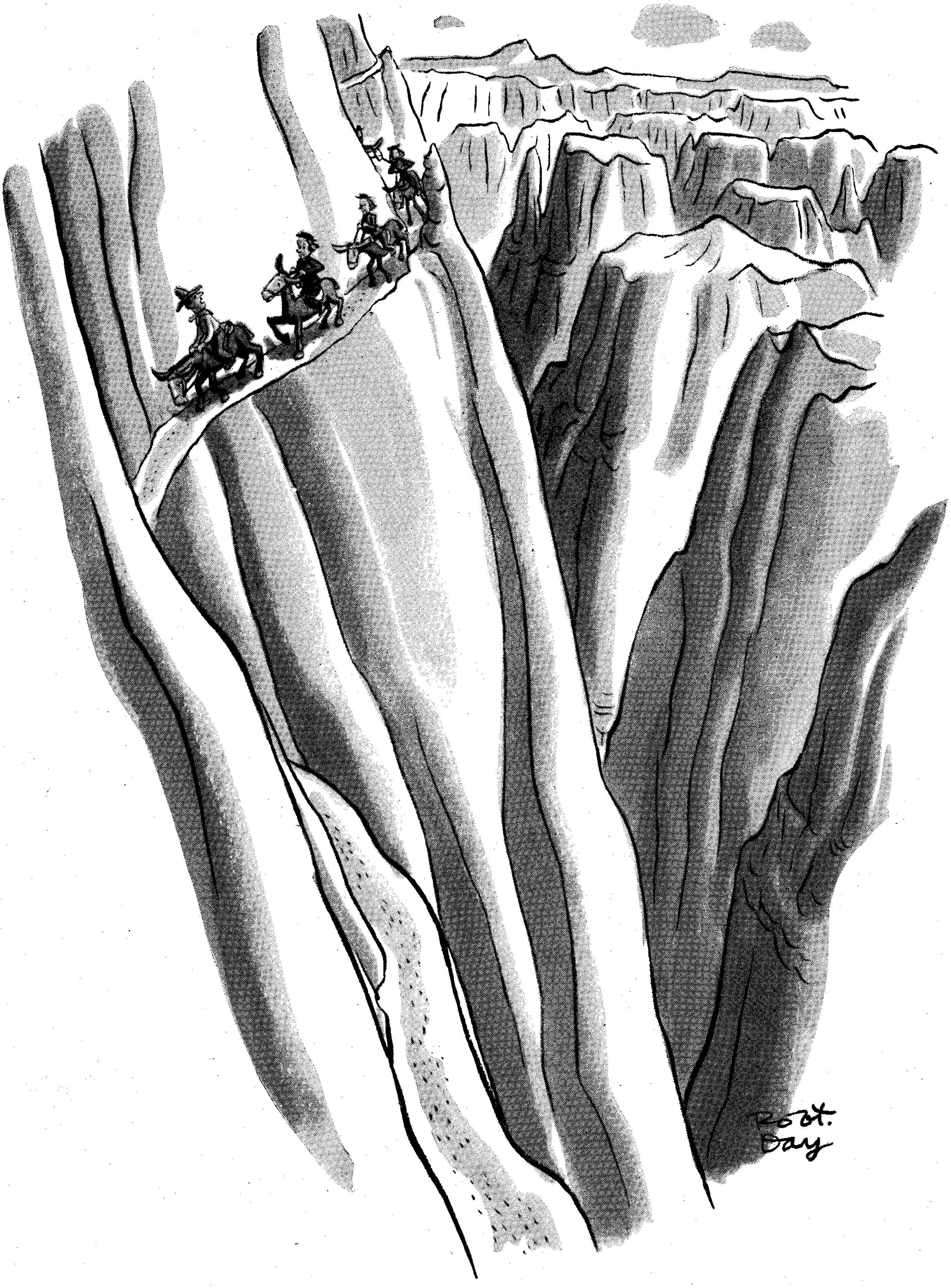
Our man next consulted "An American Glossary" (1912) and there found "tiger" defined as "a concluding cheer." He also found an unexpected cross-reference, "See ROCKET." The definition for "rocket" was likewise "a concluding cheer," and it was amplified by a quotation from the New York *Times* of 1868. In that year, Dr. James McCosh, the new president of Princeton, delivered a two-hour inaugural address, at the end of which a hypocritical student proposed three cheers for him. The *Times* told about this and added, "These were given with a will, followed by the usual tiger and rocket," which knocked on the head the theory that the tiger our man was investigating hadn't been heard of around Princeton until the eighties.

Our young man wound up his research by collecting a sheaf of adroit and contradictory statements from various reference volumes. "A Dictionary of American English" (1938) cites the *Knickerbocker Magazine* of 1856 as recounting the giving of "terrific cheers and a tiger." The Oxford English Dictionary quotes from the London *Daily Telegraph* of October 8, 1880, an account of three cheers having been given "without the hysterical American supplement of 'tigers.' " The Century Dictionary regards the word as referring to " 'an ornamental addition' in allusion to the tiger or groom who sits as if a mere ornament in the vehicle which his master drives." The Dictionary of Americanisms (1877) purports to trace the word back to 1822, when the Boston Light Infantry encamped in Salem, Massachusetts, and a townsman called out "Oh, you tiger!" to an infantryman, in criticism of his rough manners. Barrère's "Dictionary of Slang, Jargon, and Cant" (1890) calls this explanation "very meaningless" and "of doubtful authenticity," and attributes the origin of this usage of the word to a "famous wit and politician," S. S. Prentiss, who, while stumping in 1842, hired a menagerie and made his speeches from the top of a tiger's cage. Whenever his audience gave three cheers, he poked the tiger with a ten-foot pole and the tiger howled. We've got considerably more lore on the subject, every scrap of which we're sending to the White House.

Training

A BOSTON young lady recently celebrated her eighteenth birthday at a festive party, in the course of which her father permitted her to have her first Scotch highball. As her parents and an interested group of other relatives and friends looked expectantly and anxiously on, she took three or four tentative sips, with wry expressions in between, and stalled. She'd probably have set the glass down and not touched another drop for two or three years if it hadn't been for her blithesome aunt from New York, who leaned over, patted her shoulder, and said, with great concern, "Come, come, dear. Be a good child and finish up your whiskey."





"Just give him his head, Ma'am. He knows the way."

AGARICUS FASTIDIBILIS

Mrs. Manwaring, in blue jeans and a shirt, was working in the attic, putting away wool clothes, when the second maid came and told her that the baby had eaten a toadstool. She drove him to the hospital in New Haven, zigzagging wonderfully around cars waiting for red lights and cutting through the driveways of corner gas stations. In the emergency room of the hospital, while Alan was held down by four sturdy members of the medical and nursing professions, his stomach was pumped out. He yelled and gagged and fought till he was beet red in the face, and Mrs. Manwaring, weakly leaning her back against the cool wall, thought she had never seen him look so well.

When the gloomy business was done and Alan, thoroughly empty and hiccuping with rage, lay on a high stretcher, Mrs. Manwaring pulled herself upright and asked what would happen now. One of the two doctors advised that the baby be left in the hospital for rest and observation. "I'll get them to see what they can do about a special nurse," he said, "but there's really nothing to worry about. He'll be all right." Both doctors gazed gravely and kindly at Mrs. Manwaring, whose blue jeans, distracted hair, and surprised eyes were hardly a reassuring sight. "A special nurse, if at all possible," she was told again, and the doctors and the nurses filed out, revealing someone who had probably been standing there all the time—a woman with a pen.

"Baby's name in full?" she asked, briskly advancing to the stretcher.

"Alan Keswick Manwaring," Mrs. Manwaring said. "Perhaps I'd better spell Keswick for you. It's unusual, I know. You see, it was the last name of my husband's great-grandmother's *second* husband, but we rather like it because it *is* unusual and . . ." She knew she was babbling and tried to stop; she wished she hadn't emphasized the fact that old Keswick had been a second husband, because she had received a very odd look from the woman with the pen, and it didn't seem to make matters any better when she added, in order to clear up the question, "No relation at all, you see, really!" The woman looked up at her again and then rapidly jotted down something in the margin of her paper.

"I *see*," she said. "Age?"

"His? Oh, two, almost."

Mrs. Manwaring was terribly tired and quite gone in the back of her legs. Above her, she felt the immense hospital rising—floor after floor, tons of stone and brick and cement, and acres of roof—like a massive, crouched mountain over this little, bright, hot room, this little cave where two women confronted each other across a prone, angry baby with dripping hair. In one corner of the cave, up near the ceiling, an electric fan turned through a short arc in foolish iteration, and the world of everyday was somewhere far away, outside. Mrs. Manwaring was not above the human weakness of liking to answer personal questions, but this morning she thought that some of the ones she was being asked were perhaps a little bit beside the point. How could it matter now, and to whom, what Alan had weighed when he was born?

"Don't you think he ought to be in bed?" she asked humbly when the questions were over. "What do I do to get him a bed?"

Getting Alan a bed upstairs in the children's building entailed a long walk for Mrs. Manwaring. It was ninety in the sun outdoors. She walked across a plaza, through an archway, along a cement path across a yard, then through cool white marble corridors to a high, semicircular desk in a rotunda. There was a woman seated behind this parapet, and Mrs. Manwaring asked if she could please have a room for her son, who had just eaten a toadstool by mistake. Admitting Alan involved the spelling of Keswick again, and Mrs. Manwaring was determined to keep to herself all interesting family data, but the admitting clerk, who employed a bright-green pen and green ink, said, "That certainly is a funny name. *I* never heard it before."

Mrs. Manwaring leaned her tired diaphragm against the desk. "Well," she said patiently, "you see, it's a family name, in a way. It's a real name. It was my husband's great-grandmother's second husband."

"Rickets?"

"Keswick?"

"No, no, no. *Baby*." The green pen waited impatiently in the air.

"Oh. Of course. No, I don't think so. I mean," Mrs. Manwaring said, trying to pull herself together, "of *course* he never had rickets. Shall I be able to get a room soon, do you think?"

The green pen, appeased, travelled steadily across the printed form, going back now and then to print a neat green comma, like a tiny footprint.

"How many teeth?"

"I don't know exactly. He's my third child, you see, and after the first you don't notice so much. Not in the same way, I mean." Mrs. Manwaring tried to sound apologetic, but she did want to get Alan settled in bed. "He has enough, I guess," she said, unwisely. The admitting clerk sighed, halted the pen with regret, and stared at the frantic hair of the woman across her desk. Mrs. Manwaring knew that her blue jeans were out of sight, but she would rather—oh, much rather—have been wearing a linen dress. "Say twenty teeth," she suggested, but the clerk shook her head. "Would twenty-five be better?" That seemed a good, round number and possibly not too un-

natural for one of Alan's age, but it did not satisfy the admitting clerk, who drew a beautiful, reproachful little green question mark in the space appointed.

"The father Protestant?" was the next question. Mrs. Manwaring felt that the clerk, made unhappy by her haziness in the matter of teeth, thought that, indeed, she might not be sure *who* the father was, so she said, "Certainly," but added, after a moment's thought, "As much as anything."

Presently, she was asked to sign three little slips of paper, three times each, and then was released to retrace her steps through the marble halls and out under the beating sun. Alan was asleep on the stretcher, exhausted by the violent divorce of himself and his toadstool. The emergency-room nurse held out a hand. "Your admitting slip, please," she said.

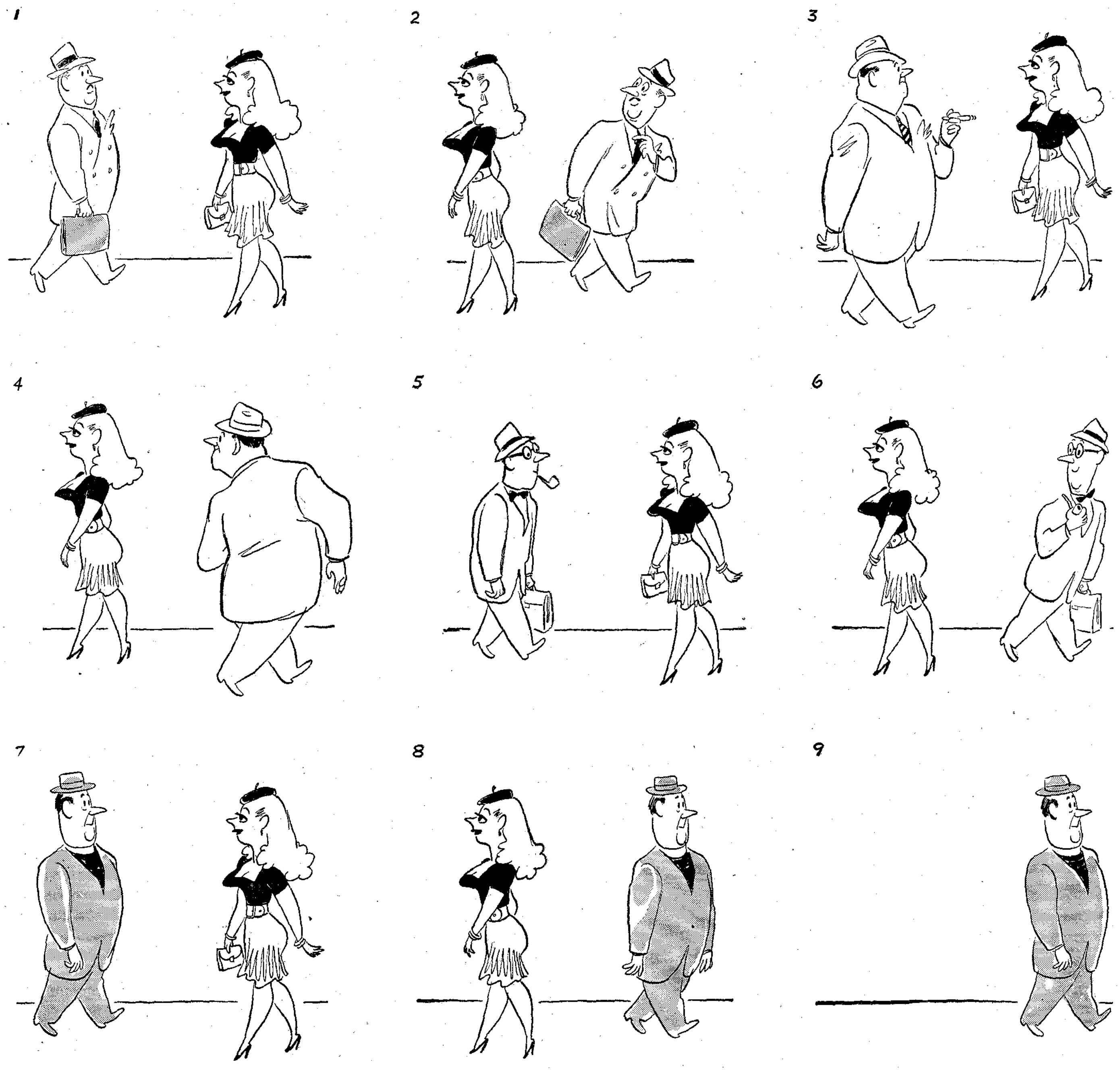
"Oh, dear. Those papers I signed? Was I supposed to have one?"

"Pity. The admitting clerk must have forgotten."

The hot-and-cool trip was undertaken once more, and, not very long after, the red tape was unwound just long enough to get Alan upstairs into a crib in a private room. Mrs. Manwaring looked hopefully around for a special nurse. She wasn't seriously concerned about Alan any more; he was looking quite himself and sleeping peacefully. It would be wonderful to go home now and have a bath. But the head nurse on the floor came in and said she had no specials available, that there was a terrible national shortage of nurses and she didn't expect to be able to find one; she would keep trying. She hurried out, nearly colliding with a woman in a dark dress and white starched jacket, who was coming in. Her forms were quite the biggest yet, and her pen was black.

"Baby's name in full, please?" she murmured, folding herself down into a chair. "I sit down because this is quite a long one. Age?... Your age?... Daddy's age?... Any T.B. in the family?... Has he false teeth—or, no, I guess I can skip that one. What was his first formula?... Have you any feeding difficulties at present?"

"Only toadstools," Mrs. Manwaring said bitterly under her breath, but the fine, black pen streamed on, pausing for nothing so slight as a whisper. For some reason, Mrs. Manwaring fell prey to the conviction that this woman's name was



Bertha. In her unstrung condition, it was as much as she could do not to call her Bertha to her face when she said, "Now, look, who cares about all this? He's here for only a short time—a day or so, I guess—and now he just wants to sleep. He—we—had a frightful morning."

"Does he ever complain of dizziness?" the woman asked. "Has he ever broken a leg? . . . An arm?" Somehow, none of Mrs. Manwaring's answers seemed to be just what Bertha wanted to hear, or perhaps she didn't believe them. She frowned and turned her glasses for the first time toward the small occupant of the crib, as if for evidence that Mrs. Manwaring was deceiving her. After a brief scrutiny, she pursed her lips and brought herself to make a slow "X" on her paper.

"Look," cried Mrs. Manwaring desperately. "Do you know what he's in here for?"

"No. Cute, isn't he? Has he any of the common allergies—cat's fur, down pillows, factory dust, or yolk of egg?"

"He's here because he *ate a toadstool!*"

"He did? *Baby did?* My, what won't they think of, the little tykes! He's cute. How big was the toadstool? Tell me, did he eat the entire toadstool, or just part of it?" Mrs. Manwaring said she didn't know; she hadn't seen the toadstool before he began to eat it and he had only a squashed-up piece in his hand when he came in from the yard. "Half?" wheedled the woman, restraining her pen.

Before Mrs. Manwaring could say again that she didn't know, the head nurse appeared, shaking a thermometer. She woke the baby, inserted the thermometer where he wanted it least, and asked Bertha if she'd please come back a little later. Bertha rustled out. While the head nurse was taking Alan's pulse, she said that she hadn't been able to get a special nurse, and Mrs. Manwaring asked fearfully, "What should I watch for if I'm going to stay here with him?"

"Symptoms of collapse."

Mrs. Manwaring wondered if perhaps she herself was not already beginning to experience something of the kind. "I'm awfully sorry you can't get a nurse," she said. "I don't feel I'm so very competent."

The head nurse dropped Alan's wrist, wrote something on a chart, tweaked out the thermometer, wrote again, and said, "National shortage."

"What about all those women with fountain pens?"

"*They're* not nurses," said the head nurse, and sailed proudly out.

The hot afternoon wore on, slowly, slowly. Mrs. Manwaring drowsed while footsteps whispered in the hall and glasses tinkled on trays. She heard, far down in the big, sunny plaza, cars drawing up and driving away. Will this go on for days, she wondered sleepily. Shall we be here for a week? Does anyone know we're here, or are we forgotten? Just as she was about to fall really asleep, with her head on the side of Alan's crib, the door opened and an entirely white-clad woman came through. "I'm Miss Fox," she said pleasantly. "Your special."

"You're a nurse!" Mrs. Manwaring was incredulous. She could hardly believe her eyes; this must be one of the last members of the profession. She got up stiffly, took a last look at Alan, and turned to the door. "I'll be back to see him tomorrow, early," she said. Now, at last, she could go home, have a bath, and brush her hair. And she would never wear blue jeans again as long as she lived.

"Wait," said Miss Fox, drawing a pen from behind the rosy, ornamental handkerchief in her uniform breast pocket.

IT wasn't much more than an hour later that Mrs. Manwaring was able to lie back in a deep bath at home. Her husband sat on the edge of the tub while she told him the day's adventures. Before she was through, the telephone rang and he went to it. She heard him say "Good" several times, and he returned, smiling. "That was the hospital. They say he can come home now. No signs of collapse, apparently."

"What do *they* know about collapse?" asked Mrs. Manwaring, struggling up out of her deep bath.

At the hospital, Mr. Manwaring paid the bill, signed slips right and left, and took time, though Mrs. Manwaring tried to hurry him on, to disabuse the cashier of the belief that it was he himself who was checking out after having willfully eaten a toadstool. Upstairs, Alan was stalking around in his crib, refreshed and in the highest spirits.

"Someone from the office is looking for you," Miss Fox said.

"Bertha!" Mrs. Manwaring cried. "She never finished. We must run!"

Mr. Manwaring caught Alan up and they sped down the corridor. Just as they stepped into the elevator, there was a starched rush and rustle behind them, and as the door clanged shut, a voice cried to them, "*Wait!*" Mrs. Manwaring turned and looked up as the big cage started slowly down. Bertha was just above them, bending forward, her questing brow bent on the glass door; her glasses were flashing and her pen poised. Mrs. Manwaring smiled and shook her head.

—LOUISE FIELD COOPER

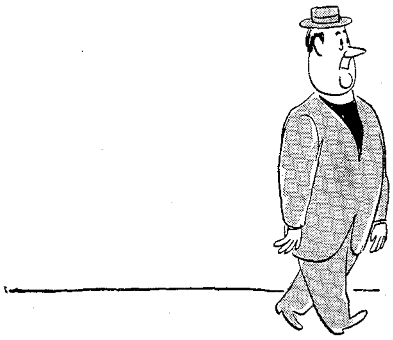
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

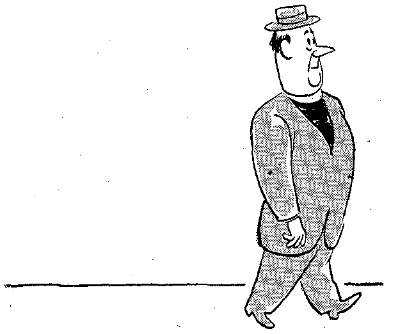
[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Ketchikan* (*Alaska*) *Daily Alaska Fishing News*]

People are continually surprised to see that dogs can do some of the things that they can. Just this week end a crowd gathered at Thomas Basin when I took my daily swim, hauled up a bottle and unscrewed the top.

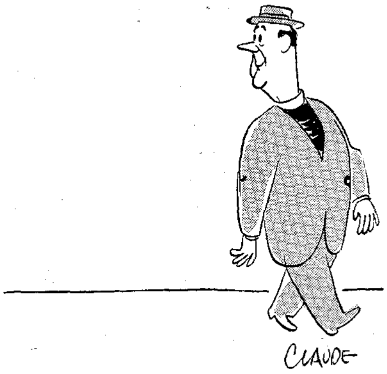
10



11



12



ALL THEIR LIVES LONG

THROUGH the haze of waking she heard the sound of an axe chopping at some distance from the house, and she turned her head and saw that her husband was not in bed with her. She smiled and thought, He couldn't wait to get going at it. Then she remembered that she had been awake earlier; Jack had dropped something downstairs, a glass or a cup, and she had started up out of sleep but had settled back again after she heard him swearing. She had been dreaming. Now, as she stretched, she tried to remember her dream, as she always did, but it was gone without a trace. It probably was a good dream, since it had come after such good fortune. "I'm really in the country," she told herself. "I really am in the country at last."

She got up out of bed and stood looking at the confusion all about. The three large suitcases were in the center of the room, where Jack had dumped them, and he had left a great pile of bedclothes, a rich mixture of sheets and pillowcases and blankets, just inside the doorway. The wax of the candle they had undressed and hurriedly made the bed by—for the upstairs lights had apparently blown a fuse—had made a large blot on the dark oak bureau. Suddenly she was aware of the birds singing outside, and a feeling of very slight depression came over her. Perhaps her dream hadn't been such a good one, after all. Through the east window of the bedroom the sunlight streamed, and a light breeze gently rustled the curtain. She went to the window and looked out on the ragged grass of the back yard and their woods, scarcely fifty yards away. Then she made herself hum and went back and put her clothes on and fixed her hair before the cracked mirror and went downstairs.

The stairs led to the kitchen. When she came into this room she could hear the axe more clearly, for Jack had opened all the doors and windows to air the house out. It was a soft and irregular sound; he must be cutting at the undergrowth in the front yard. It was, he had said, "as yards go, very potential," and he couldn't wait to get at it. "It's my personal dream," he had said. "The one thing I understood about the Kaiser was that he liked to chop wood. It's *the* sport." There were ten trees in the front yard; two would have to go, he had explained, to give a sense of space to the yard. And maybe the tall pine next to the house would have to go, too. It might make the living room too dark. Actually, he had been more excited about the yard than anything else—working outdoors, doing things with his hands and his muscles. It was certainly understandable after all the city years. What an existence, compared to this!

The two trunks were in the kitchen, where the moving men had left them. The basket of her best china, covered with newspapers, was sitting next to the sink. That was strange; the moving men had left it in the living room. Jack must have moved it for one of his unfathomable reasons—oh, to make it easier for her to put away. Well, she would start with the kitchen first, and then face the chaos in the living room.

She went to the Frigidaire and took out the remains of the cold food she had had the good sense to bring from the city with them the night before. There was half of a chicken sandwich and some milk in a thermos bottle. She ate standing up. Yes, the kitchen should definitely be fixed first. Then the next step would be to drive into the village for supplies *and* fuses; then she could get his lunch in the kitchen. Then the living room in the afternoon. She forced herself to hum again.

After a half hour of tugging clothes and linen out of the trunks, she was tired, and she had just decided to call out to her husband to stop and rest when the crash came. It went through her, startling every nerve in her body. She straightened up, her heart beating wildly and her hands shaking. Then she went toward the front of the house. As she came into the living room, she saw him standing outside, looking in through a smashed windowpane. "My God, Jack," she said, "what did you do?"

His face was red and strained from his exertions and he looked both angry and ashamed. She noticed that the sun was already beginning to burn the bald front of his head, bringing out the large freckles. "Keep your shirt on," he said through the broken pane. "I just got a little wild with these overgrown bushes close to the house and the axe handle pushed through the pane. I can fix it in no time when I get some putty and glass."

"Oh," she said, "it frightened me."

"Nothing to be frightened about," he said. "Just an accident."

She stood for a moment looking at him, and thought, He really might overstrain himself. "Why don't you knock off for a few minutes and have a cigarette with me?" she said. "We've got all the rest of our lives to fix the place up."

"In a little while," he said. "I want to do a little more." He turned toward the yard, then back to her. "Say," he said, "what do you think of this pine tree here in front of the window? It worries me. Do you think it really cuts off the light?"

She looked up at as much of the thick, towering trunk of the tree as she could see through the window. "Oh, I don't know," she said. "Maybe a little. But it's not important."

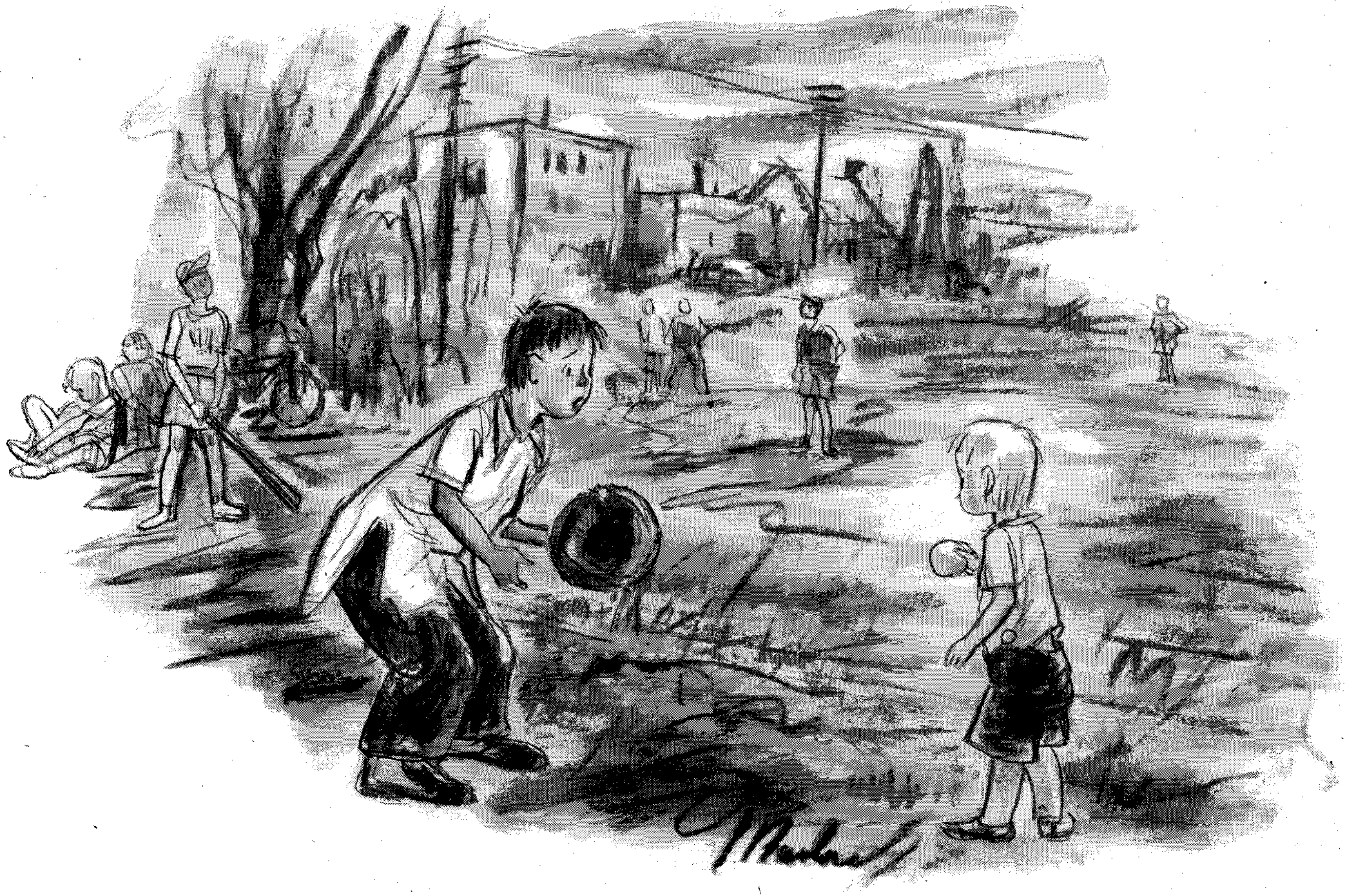
"Maybe not," he said. "It sure makes the house look awful little and small from the road, though."

He turned around then, dismissing her, and surveyed the yard.

SHE was still trembling from her fright when she got back to the kitchen. She lit a cigarette and sat on the trunk she had unpacked. After a few pulls on her cigarette, she got up and went to the basket by the sink, the basket that held her best china, and pulled the paper off it. Three of her blue dishes and a glass fruit bowl on the top were smashed to bits. She stared incredulously. "But they weren't broken last night," she said out loud. "I looked and nothing was broken." She spread her hands out helplessly, looking at the broken china as though it were an incomprehensible mystery. Then she remembered the sound that had awakened her that morning—what she had thought was a cup or a glass falling. "Damn him!" she said. "Oh, damn him!"

She stood up, clenching her cigarette furiously between her fingers. Why did he have to break everything? Why did he have to smash and break? Her angry thoughts brought tears to her eyes, and when she felt them on her face she knew there were others behind them that wanted to pour out. Blindly, she put out her cigarette in the sink and went upstairs and threw herself across the bed. Even as she wept, she knew that she should have accustomed herself to this strange thing in Jack by now. But she went on weeping bitterly for a long time.

Finally, her tears stopped and, her anger washed away, she could hear the sound of his axe again, cutting in the front yard. He was not working so softly now; he was cutting and cutting—clearing, she thought to herself, the front yard we will have forever. Now she forgave him once more and she couldn't think why she had wept when



"All right, Howie. All the way!"

• •

she knew so well about the breaking; it was something deep in him, something she accepted, had long ago accepted, so why did she become angry with him now? Why, she was an expert on the subject of his breaking things. She forced herself to smile as she lay face down on the bed. It always occurred when something good happened to him. That she was sure of; it didn't matter how foolish that sounded, she was sure of it. Once she had even said to him that whenever he got a raise or something else good happened, she was going to make him stay at a hotel, preferably in a strait jacket, till he got used to his good fortune. "It's your imagination," he had said. "Everybody breaks things." But everybody didn't; not the way he did. He couldn't see it, but she could. She could even draw a graph showing a ratio between the importance of the good things that happened to him and the importance and number of the things that got broken right afterward. Her mind went back over the four years of their marriage. Item 1: Just after they were married, he had backed the car into the hydrant outside the Beach Street apartment where they lived and ripped out the whole rear end. Then he dropped a cut-glass punch bowl, and right after that he turned around too quickly in the bathroom and swept her entire new perfume set and a mirror onto the floor and they all broke. All these things had happened on the same day. Item 2: Well, that wasn't exactly the same thing, but when they lived in the basement apartment on Bank Street with the rear garden, he went to the office dead drunk right after he got his twenty-dollar raise. Maybe that wasn't the same thing at all and she shouldn't even think of it in the same breath. But anyhow, he must have broken half a dozen plates in the following week and he ruined the man next door's lawn mower.

She sat up and put her legs over the edge of the bed. So naturally, she told herself, she had to expect he'd run hog-wild now after the inheritance—getting the house, and all. It was his lifelong dream, his wildest dream, the country and all. So naturally.

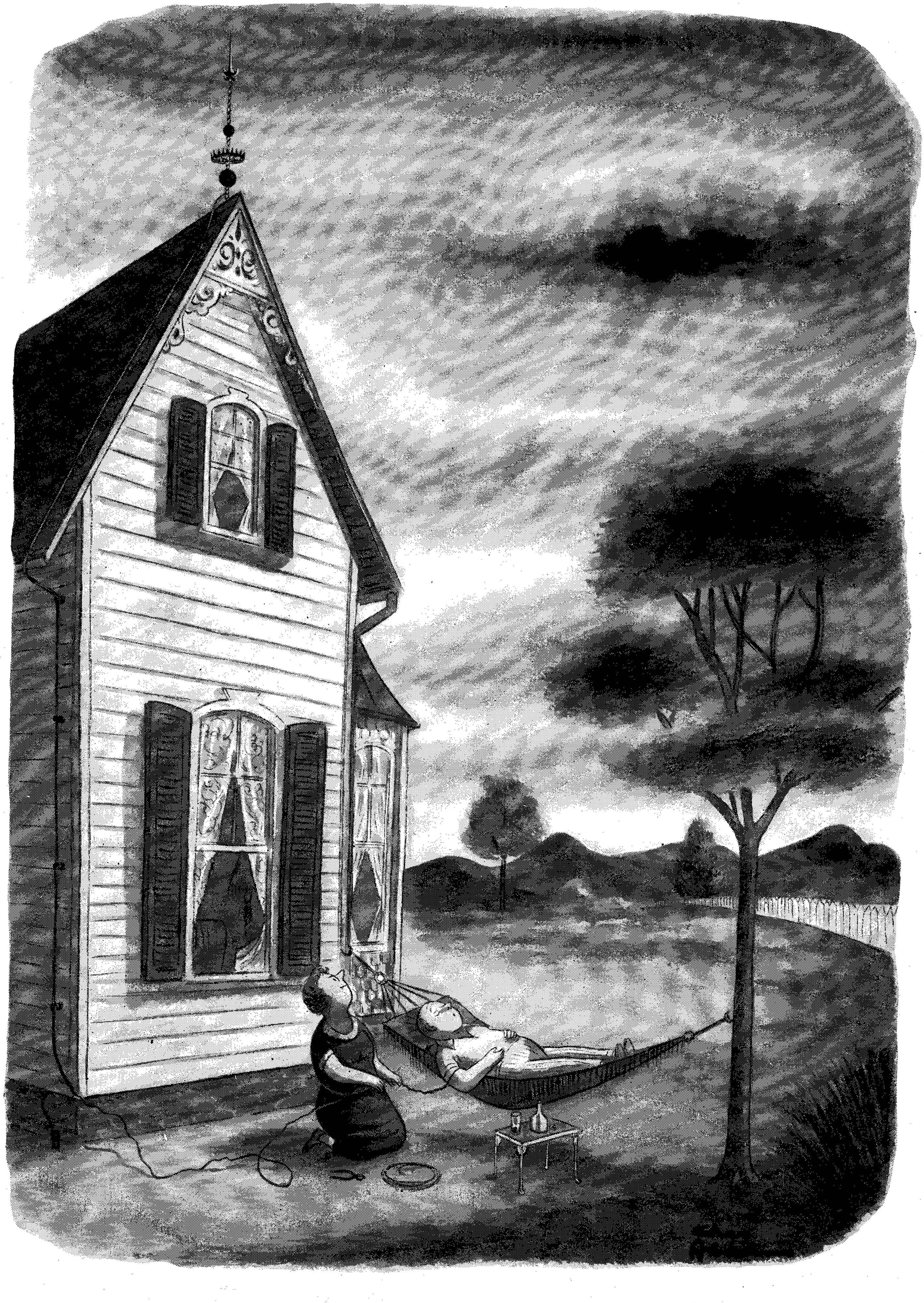
She could hear the chopping still going on. It had been steady for some time now and hard, and there was a slight ringing sound to the axe. "I hope he doesn't hurt himself," she said aloud. She got up from the bed and went down the steps, humming again under her breath. As she entered the kitchen and heard, sweeping loudly through the house, the hard, ringing blows of the axe against wood, the course of her memory and the sound of the axe fused, and the little song she was forcing fused with them. The three stuck suddenly in her breast, a great lump of fear, a great clot of panic.

For now in her mind, as she stood rooted to the kitchen floor by her sudden terror, she could envision the huge pine tree as she had seen it when she had looked out of the window before. She could see it clearly in her mind. It sloped toward the house and he was aiming his ringing blows at it. Her body started to shake, as with a profound ague, and as she tried to move, dimly to her came the huge, snapping sounds of a giant tree breaking and bursting at its base, commencing the crushing arc of its fall when the axeman's job is through. —LEONARD W. ROBINSON

•

She was a member of the Ceramic Club, which has to do with pottery.—*New Bedford (Mass.) Standard-Times.*

Pottery?



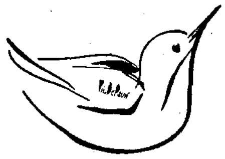
A REPORTER AT LARGE

$1,031,961,754.73

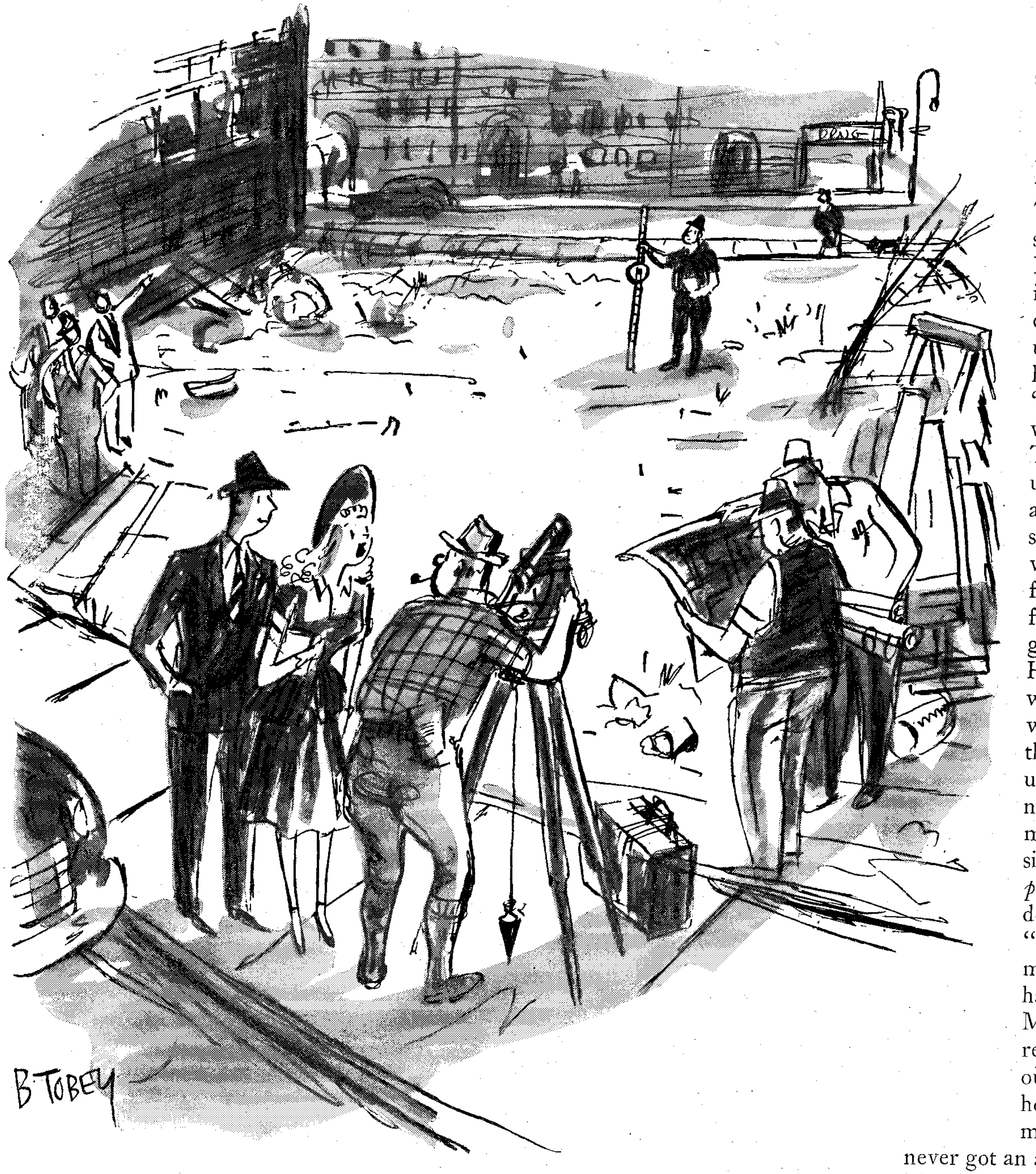
ALONG about last Thanksgiving, Mayor O'Dwyer gave a luncheon at Gracie Mansion to which he invited a few of his associates for an informal thrashing out of some of the municipal problems that weren't making it any easier for him to sleep nights. Afterward, while coffee and cigars were being served, he remembered something he had intended to mention and, turning to his Director of the Budget, Thomas J. Patterson, he asked him if he was all set to start drawing up the city's budget for the 1947-48 fiscal year. Patterson replied that he and his staff at the Bureau of the Budget were indeed all set. As a matter of fact, he said, he was just about to draft a form letter to the heads of all departments—the usual way of referring to the hundred and nine branches into which the municipality's complex structure is broken down for budget and administrative purposes—asking them to submit their annual requests for money. "Fine, Pat, fine," said the Mayor. "But take it easy on every penny. It's going to be a tough budget. We'll have the usual blather from people who think they're not getting enough and from people who think we're spending too much, but blather doesn't pay bills. We'll have to get along without a lot of things we need." He gave his Budget Director a friendly clap on the back. "Find a way to allocate the few pennies we get so that the two ends will meet," he said.

The two ends of the budget that went into effect last week do meet, in the sense that from July 1, 1947, through June 30, 1948, it is the plan of the city to spend no more money than it takes in. The 1947-48 budget calls for the expenditure of $1,031,961,754.73, which, even not counting the seventy-three cents, comes to quite a few pennies. It is the largest budget in the history of the city—or of any city, for that matter—being some $166,000,000 more than the one approved a year ago, which was a record breaker itself, and in its full printed form, a condensed version of which is the one in general use, it is also the heaviest (twenty-one and a half pounds). It fills a 1,425-page book, which stands as high as the Manhattan Telephone Directory and is twice as wide and almost twice as thick. Patterson and a staff of fifty budget examiners worked on it intensively for six months. The examiners, who busy themselves the rest of the year checking up on where the money goes, sought to outdo one another in lopping dollars and cents off the requests of the various departments to which they were assigned, but they tried not to let penuriousness get the better of sound judgment. Largely as a result of their efforts, for instance, the budget assures the finches, canaries, and conures at the Staten Island Zoo of $6.50 worth of bird gravel during the next twelve months, and it provides $45 for wood-chip bedding for whatever skunks and monkeys come down sick there. It allots $2,750 to pay the salary of an upholsterer for the Fire Department and $508,134,356.54 to pay the salaries of the 157,418 other individuals who, if everything goes according to plan, will work for the city during the coming year. It also allots $10 for two sapphire phonograph needles to see the municipal radio station, WNYC, through its duller moments; $96,500 to heat the American Museum of Natural History and $4.80 for cannel coal for the fireplace in Mayor O'Dwyer's office; $30 for a pair of electric clippers to shear the mice, rats, and rabbits used by the Department of Health in antitoxin experiments; $250,000 for bread and $1,735,000 for meat to feed the inmates of the city's eight prisons and twenty-five hospitals; and $5 for rice and salt to perk up the five police dogs that accompany cops on particularly tough beats.

FOR the last six months, I've been dropping in every now and then on the people responsible for preparing the budget, and in the course of my visits I've seen a good deal of how it grew from a mere problem on the minds of the Mayor and his Budget Director during their chat at Gracie Mansion to a book of remarkable proportions. Early in January, I went down to the Bureau of the Budget, which occupies half of the twelfth floor of the Municipal Building, just east of City Hall, and had a talk with Mr. Patterson. He is a thin, nervous man of sixty-three, who never has the slightest idea how much money he has in his pockets. He went to work for the city in 1906 as a bookkeeper in the Comptroller's Office, of which the Bureau of the Budget was then a part. Later, the Bureau was set up on its own, and Mr. Patterson stayed with it. Promotions came slowly but with comforting regularity, and in 1943 he became director. He is addicted to chewing gum and has a low opinion of people who don't consider budgets enchanting. (An unselfish man, he permits his wife the pleasure of keeping the family budget, the backbone of which is the $15,000 salary allotted him by the city budget.) Mr. Patterson loses patience when he comes across a city councilman he has reason to suspect has not so much as riffled through the Bureau's masterwork. "Read it, read it, for gosh sakes! It's a good book!" he shouted one day last May while discussing the budget with a legislator whose conversation showed plainly that he had not familiarized himself with such engrossing matters as items 196, 197, and 198 on page 1258, wherein it is disclosed how many inspectors of pipes and castings the Board of Water Supply may employ during this fiscal year (one at $3,650, three at $3,230, and three at $3,050). Mr. Patterson's temperament is such that he is rarely able to finish a long sentence. "Say, this year's budget is no lemon," he told a city official who was pondering the results of his efforts a while ago. "It's tough, neat, reasonable, and ninety-nine per cent of it will remain unchanged by the Board or the City Counc . . . Say, what's happened to all the chewing gum around here, anyway?"



Mr. Patterson occupies a large office with a distant view of the Hudson. As I entered the room on my first visit, he was poring over a copy of the 1946-47 budget. "Just opened the book," he said, when I had introduced myself. "I'm trying to get a general idea of what the departments are going to ask for. I read the smallest departmental appropriations first and move on to the big ones. Find it makes better reading that way." At his invitation, I drew up a chair while he unwrapped a stick of gum. The smallest departmental appropriation for 1946-47, he said, had been $3,700 for the Public Administrator of Richmond County. "It's only a one-man department, but he'll ask for more this year," he told me grimly. "They'll *all* ask for more." Shortly after his talk with the Mayor at Gracie Mansion, Patterson said, he had sent out a letter and a folder of instructions to the heads of all departments, cautioning them not to use abbreviations or ditto marks in their requests; to be sure to fill in the cents columns, even if only with ciphers; and not to be "over-optimistic regarding the fi-



"Who do we see about an apartment?"

nancial outlook for next year." He was waiting now for the requests to come in. For the time being, he said, things were rather slow around the office, because most of his examiners were out making on-the-scene studies of departmental needs. When the requests arrived, the examiners would go over them carefully, pruning as they saw fit, and then, after Patterson had approved the results, the Bureau would call in the department heads for separate hearings.

"We're here to help the Mayor figure out what he ought to spend," Patterson said. "The Comptroller is the one who tells him how much revenue he'll get to spend. He'll have *his* estimates ready next month—the conservative ones, that is. Comptrollers are always conservative in the beginning. We've got to have our figures ready for the Mayor by the middle of March. That's when a mayor always goes into what we call the annual budget retreat—right here, in a conference room next door. Takes about two weeks, all day every day." After the Mayor has approved the budget, Patterson told me, the Board of Estimate gets a crack at it, and then the City Council. "But they won't change it much," he said. "Actually, all the work on the budget is done right here. My examiners know more about the departments than the departments know themselves. You might say they help me piece this book together. Come back in a month or so, when we've got something good to show you." As I left, he was unwrapping a fresh stick of gum.

I STOPPED by to see Patterson again about the middle of February. This time, I found him standing before his desk looking agitated and chewing gum at an accelerated clip. "Can't spare a minute," he said, pommelling himself on the temples. "Got to go over estimates with eight examiners today. The Comptroller just sent us his revenue estimates, and now we've got to revise some of our figures downward. Hardly a month before the Mayor comes over for his retreat, and we've got to be ready for him. He'll want to know why we can't do without this and why we can't do without that. It was nerve-racking under LaGuardia and it's nerve-racking with this man." He sat down and sighed heavily. "It was *especially* nerve-racking under LaGuardia," he said. "Fiorello moved right into my offices for two weeks. I had to move out and sit with Miss Pray—that's my secretary. Fiorello never went out to lunch. Sent out for hot dogs, which he ate with mustard provided by us. We never got an appropriation for it, either. Tell you what. You talk to a few of my examiners. I'll get you some who've already gone over their estimates with me, and then you'll know what we're going to tell the Mayor."

He picked up his phone, asked for a Mr. Fitzpatrick, and told him to come in for a minute. Then he turned back to me. "One of our oldest and stingiest men," he said complacently. "You couldn't do better than talk to Fitzpatrick. Let me tell you, the departments asked for a total of eighty million dollars more than they got last budget. We'll give them ten or eleven. On top of that, though, there'll be about a hundred and twenty-five million of what we call mandatory, or inescapable, increases—for debt service, pensions, things like that." He shook his head gloomily. "Even the Public Administrator of Richmond County wants more. Remember I said he would? Well, he wants two thousand more.

We *need* stingy examiners. Not that we're trying to deprive the departments or anything. Take Grant's Tomb, for instance. We're giving the Tomb seven thousand in this budget. That's two hundred and fifty dollars over last year. Well, our Grant's Tomb examiner is satisfied that they really need that extra two-fifty for repairs, new flags, keys, fuses, furniture polish, and uniforms—for the caretaker, I mean, not Grant."

The door opened and an elderly, white-haired man with a high stiff collar came into the office. "This is Mr. Fitzpatrick—Libraries, Museums, and Gardens," Patterson said. "Mr. Fitzpatrick will show you how the examiners work." Mr. Fitzpatrick nodded gravely and asked me to come with him. I followed him down a long corridor to his office, where he introduced me to two other examiners, named Walsh and McEneney, assigned, respectively, to the Police and Fire Departments. Both of them were working in their shirtsleeves at desks piled with papers. These, and two more desks that were unoccupied at the moment, pretty well filled the room. Mr. Fitzpatrick walked over to one of the vacant desks. "I work on several departments," he said stiffly. "Mr. Walsh and Mr. McEneney, they are concerned wholly with a single department each."

"Cops keep you busy," said Walsh, a stocky, square-jawed, middle-aged man with bright-pink cheeks, who was smoking a cigar in a long holder.

McEneney, a dour, six-foot, sandy-haired man in his fifties, looked at him thoughtfully. "Firemen keep you busier," he said.

"We enjoy quite a bit of friendly rivalry," Mr. Fitzpatrick said as the other two returned to their work. He pulled a chair over beside his desk, arranged it precisely parallel to his, and bowed slightly in its direction. I sat down. "I think we'll run through the Botanical Garden first," he said, choosing his words carefully and speaking in a slightly querulous voice. "They were pretty good this year." From the top drawer of his desk he took a folder containing several sheets of paper covered with figures. "The Botanical people didn't exaggerate their circumstances very much," he went on. "They requested three hundred and fifty-three thousand two hundred and eighty dollars, and we're giving them within six thousand of that. And in the case of many items, I must say I didn't have to restrain them very much." He consulted his folder before continuing. "Let's see. They wanted a hundred and fifty for bamboo poles for plants to climb up on, forty-five for pot labels, a hundred and ten for fish-oil soap, seven hundred and fifty for cow manure, and three hundred and twenty-five for a motor scythe to work on rocky and rough ground a regular mowing machine can't operate on. All those sounded reasonable to me and I gave them exactly what they asked for. But they also wanted two hundred for two new typewriters, and I said no. I'm not very liberal on typewriters." I asked him what happened when a department and he disagreed on how much was needed, and he replied that some officials complained directly to Patterson. "But the Budget Director and I, we usually have a meeting of minds on the question," he added.

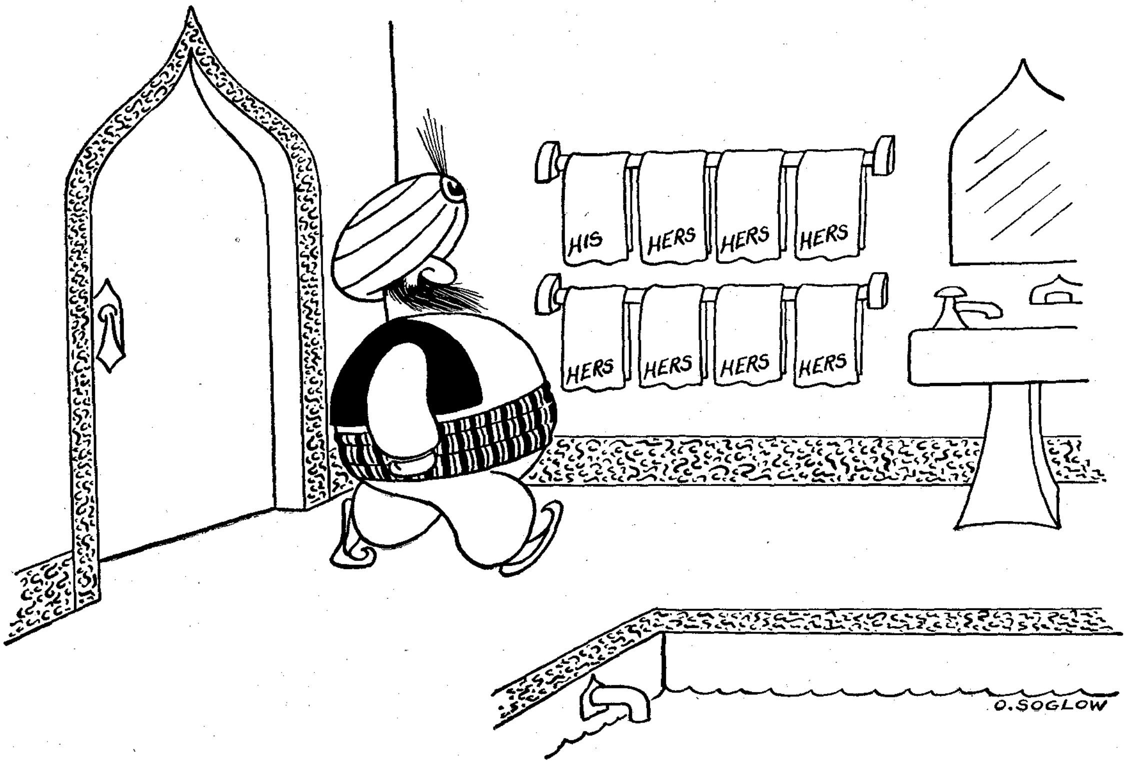
"Some Commissioners go crying to the Mayor," said Walsh, pushing his papers aside. "But not my Commissioner. Not Wallander. That I'll say for him." A band down in the street, twelve stories below, started to play "My Old Kentucky Home," and the music came clearly through the windows. "My cops are getting medals over at City Hall," Walsh said. "That's their band. Don't it play loud and nice?'

Mr. Fitzpatrick cleared his throat noisily, gave Walsh a cool look, and started to tell me why he was going to recommend increasing the salary of the lady in charge of the picture collection at the Public Library from $3,120 a year to $3,660, but before he got very far, his telephone rang. When he had hung up, he said I'd have to excuse him. The Budget Director wanted to go over his estimates on the Metropolitan Museum of Art with him. He put the folder carefully away in his desk, adjusted his collar, took another folder from a cabinet, bowed to me, and left.

"That's O.K.," Walsh said to me. "McEneney and I will tell you what goes on. But don't get me wrong. Fitz is all right. Nothing gets past him." Without turning around in his chair, he pointed behind him to a big green calendar on the wall. On it was printed, "Official Calendar, Police Department, City of New York, Arthur W. Wallander, Commissioner." "I've been taking care of cops these past fifteen years, so I guess I've got a right to it," Walsh said. "A four-bit calendar. We're giving the cops five hundred of them in the new budget. Cops got to have their own calendars, because it wouldn't look proper, now, to walk into a station house and see one put out by a beer company or something the butcher gave out for Christmas."

McEneney, who had been listening to all this with a skeptical look, remarked dryly, "Fire gets along all right with calendars from the butcher."

"The Mayor is more particular about cops," Walsh said. "They're asking for ninety-two million. We'll give them



about ninety—maybe more. We're even giving the mounted cops two vans to carry horses in. Each van costs ninety-five hundred. Holds eight horses in stalls and eight mounted cops in a section of their own up front. For five years I've been saying no on those vans. Now the Budget Director's got himself convinced that the Mounted Division needs them. Horses get all tired out, he says, walking all the way from their barn in Queens to scenes of emergency, like I Am an American Day. I was overruled, but I still say horses can walk. They don't need taxis."

McEneney remarked that he didn't give money away that easily to the Fire Department. For one thing, he had turned down a request for $688,200 to pay the salaries of a hundred and forty-four additional lieutenants, and the Budget Director had backed him up. "Fire can get along without *any* new lieutenants," McEneney said. "They've already got a lot of lieutenants posted in theatres and night clubs. They say they've got to be there to reassure the public in case of conflagration. I say nonsense. I say theatre ushers can reassure the public. What Fire can do is inspect the theatres and night clubs, so that conflagrations won't break out. All those lieutenants can be released and go to work. Patterson agreed with me. Fire wants fifty-six million. We'll give them about fifty-three, maybe less."

A short, swarthy man came into the room. "Look who's here," Walsh said. "Carlo Montecalvo—Licenses, County Clerks, City Register, City Sheriff, Board of Elections, City Record. The stingiest examiner in the office."

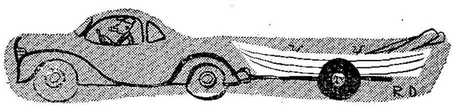
"I'm the stingiest," McEneney said mildly.

Montecalvo pulled up a chair in front of McEneney's desk and straddled it. "Always fighting about who is the stingiest in getting up the good book," he said amiably.

I asked whether any of the department heads had been making much fuss over the allotments at their hearings with the Budget Director, and Walsh replied that, speaking for himself, the Police hearing had taken all of twenty minutes. The Police Commissioner had simply read a statement summarizing his requests. "He said he wanted two hundred and thirty-two new motorcycles and so forth," Walsh told me. "We're giving him fifty new motorcycles and so forth. But the Commissioner don't know it yet. I didn't want to start any discussions. You start a discussion and it goes on for days."

Montecalvo said he had had no trouble at all with Licenses. Among other things, he had allowed the Department five additional inspectors (twenty requested), one fluorescent desk lamp for the Commissioner's office (one requested), three wall clocks (five requested), and no typewriters with Gothic type (five requested). He had allotted twenty-six dollars for paper towels. "Licenses used roll towels before, but paper towels cost about the same," he said. "They got a right to change their tastes."

The Board of Elections and the City Sheriff, on the other hand, had not been so easy. "The Board is going to cost us two million two hundred and thirty-four thousand nine hundred and ninety dollars," Montecalvo said, rattling off the figure as easily as if he were telling me the price of a pair of shoes. "We got two election primaries for this budget—the primary next fall and the spring Presidential primary—and the cost of printing ballots is way up." He suddenly looked forlorn. "We had to give the Board three hundred thousand more than what we did a year ago," he said. The two other examiners shook their heads sympathetically. "I cut them down thirty thousand, though," Montecalvo continued, brightening. "They wanted a lot of things I turned them down on. And if I can persuade the Budget Director that the canvas voting booths don't need a cleaning this year, I'll save another sixty-two hundred."



In the case of the City Sheriff, Montecalvo confessed, he had been overruled by the Budget Director on two or three counts. "I gave the Sheriff a new washing machine for the New York County Jail," he said. "The machine

SCIENCE ON THE MARCH

Priscilla Parker Dual-Purpose Lipstick
The New and Modern Way to Sweeten Your Breath
And Mask Tell-Tale Odors from Drinking, Smoking, and Other Causes.
—*Adv. in a beauty parlor.*

Hail, darling age of bold Invention,
Age clever, age too bright by far!
More wonders than the tongue can mention
Spangle your shining calendar.

From pole to pole, the ether chatters
Ubiquitous inanity.
The germ is trapped, the nucleus shatters,
The fountain pen writes undersea,

And on the heels of jet and fission,
Behold what miracle is born:
The gadget with the dual mission
At once to rescue and adorn.

When lovely woman sips too deep now
Or finds that Chesterfields betray,
A lipstick soothes her cares to sleep now
With skill that takes one's breath away.

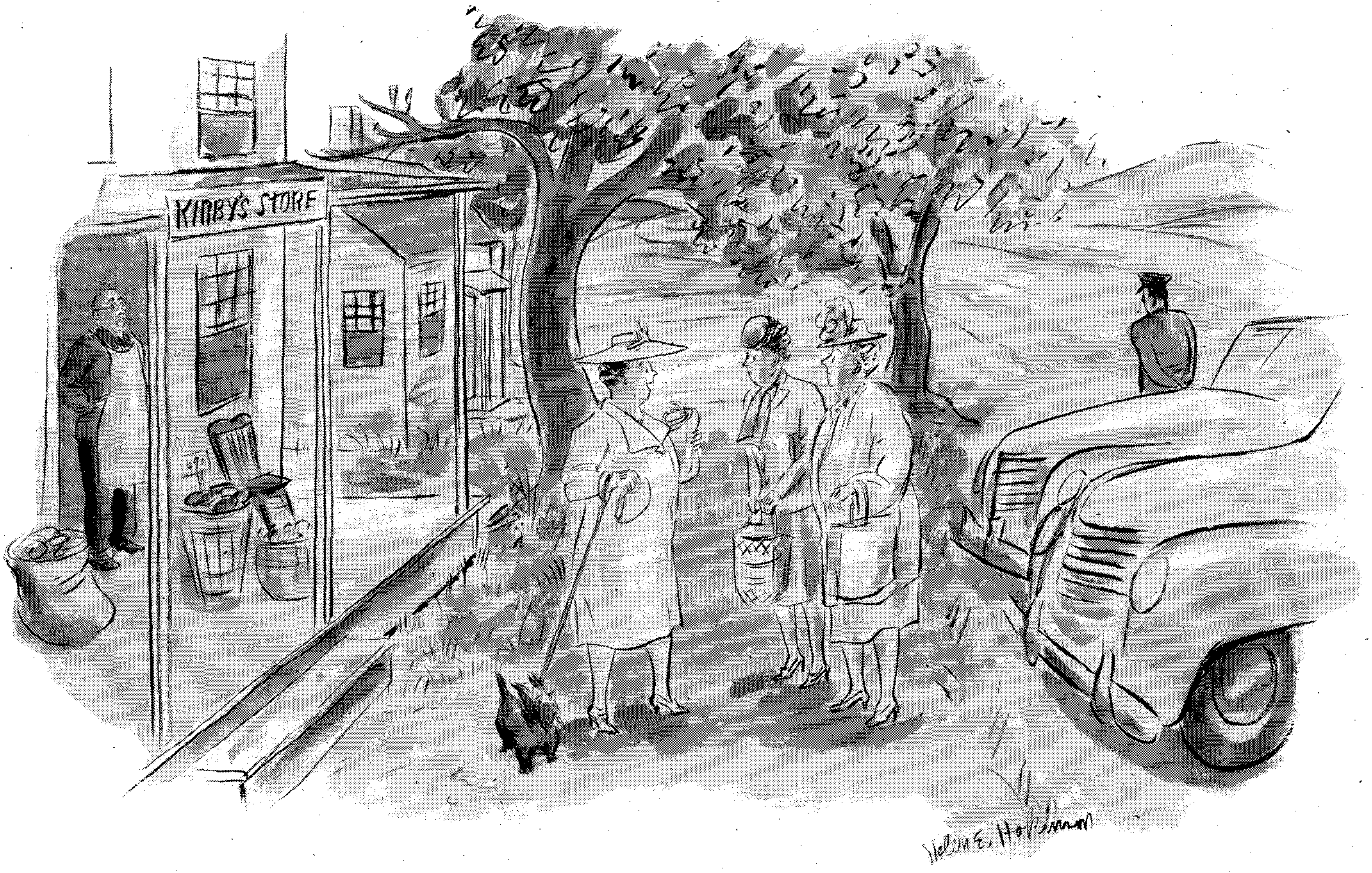
Now stales the Sen-Sen in the carton,
Likewise the surreptitious clove.
Though leeks are what one sets the heart on,
Still Eros keeps his sacred Grove,

And all goes well across the nation
While Art egregiously is teamed
With Science, in such application
As Galileo never dreamed.

Hail, age creative, age of trouble,
Age cockeyed, age too smart by half!
The lipstick with the purpose double
May write, at length, your epitaph.

—Phyllis McGinley

• •



"Good news! Mr. Kirby has just received some smoked-turkey pâté, by mistake!"

• •

they got now, it's so old and dilapidated, even when it works it tears apart all the sheets and cooks' aprons they put in it. But then the Sheriff wanted a seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar set of law reports, and I gave that a big zero, because I figured he could go on using the Bar Association's reports, just like he's been doing all along. But the boss didn't agree with me. Oh, well, I can take a rebuff the same as the next man."

"My Aunt Minnie," Walsh said, grinning at his two colleagues.

On my way out, I stopped in at Patterson's office to thank him for his help. He was there alone, going over Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity's requests, and I asked him what had become of Mr. Fitzpatrick. "Gone up to the Metropolitan Museum," he replied, adding that both he and Mr. Fitzpatrick had decided they needed more information about the duties of a $2,640-a-year steamfitter there. "Got to keep our noses to the grinding stone," he went on, chewing his gum furiously. "Got to have everything in order for the Mayor when he comes over for his retreat." I said I'd like to sit in on some part of the retreat, and he told me that to do so I'd have to get in touch with Louis Cohen, Assistant to the Mayor. "Cohen was over just the other day," Patterson said. "Encouraging us to get our estimates lower. So the Mayor can see our figures without seeing red, if you catch what I mean."

BY the middle of March, Mayor O'Dwyer was ready for his retreat, and the Budget Bureau was ready for him. On the day the retreat began, I got in touch with Cohen, who said he'd try to get me in. There probably wouldn't be any vetoing of appropriations while I was there, he said, as differences of opinion on such controversial matters are usually kept confidential. "We don't want to hurt a department's feelings any more than necessary," Cohen explained. He added that he was going to be present at the retreat himself that afternoon and said he would take me along if I came down to his office at City Hall at one o'clock. When I arrived there, he was sitting at his desk, adroitly eating a cheese sandwich and talking into the telephone. He waved me to a chair and went on talking. Cohen is a careworn, cynical Democrat from the Bronx who started as an office boy in the Health Department in 1908 and worked his way up to Deputy Commissioner of Hospitals under Mayor Walker. He was elected a City Councilman during the LaGuardia regime and served as chairman of the Council's Finance Committee, in which capacity he found many pleasurable opportunities to hack away at the Fusion Mayor's budgets. "The Mayor can raise or lower the budget, and so can the Board of Estimate," Cohen once told me. "But the Council can only lower it. And that's what we always tried to do. LaGuardia was always claiming that he had cut his budget to the bone, and I'd always thunder at him, 'Send in the bone! We'll cut it!' "

Upon finishing his phone call, Cohen jammed his hat on his head and led the way outdoors. It was a warm day, the sun was shining, and a peanut vender in City Hall Park was doing a fine business with the lunch-hour crowds. The benches in the park were filled with men and women sitting with their coats open and their faces lifted to the sun. "Municipal Civil Service workers," said Cohen, with elaborate sympathy. "Look at them. They're so pale. They're just getting over twelve years of horror." He changed his tone abruptly. "Listen, you sure you know where the city gets its money?"

"Taxes?" I suggested.

"That's what they all think," he said, glancing at me pityingly. "But how about forty million from water rates, thirty million in federal aid, a hundred and forty million in state aid? A million here, a million there—licenses, markets rentals, student fees, ferry tolls. They all bring in money. Remember that. Sure, there are taxes, too—the Comptroller estimates a hundred million from the sales tax, three million from the hotel-room tax. Whatever we need in addition to all such steady income we have to make up by taxing real estate. But, except for whatever's needed to service the city's debt for capital improvements, you can't tax real estate more than two per cent of the average assessed valuation for the last five years. That's the law, and that's one reason you've got to keep the budget down."

A patrolman was guarding the door to Patterson's conference room. He greeted Cohen, and just then two men, one in a Fire Department uniform, came out of the door, looking flushed and unhappy, and hurried away. Cohen identified them as the Fire Commissioner and his Chief and said that he suspected they had just heard the Mayor veto a number of their pet projects. Then he excused himself, explaining that he'd better go ahead and see if this was a good time for me to sit in. In a moment, he reappeared in the doorway and beckoned to me. I walked into a spacious room with a table running almost its entire length. The Mayor and Patterson were sitting side by side about halfway down it and there were eight or ten other men seated around it—budget examiners, Cohen said. The table was heaped with documents, and in front of the Mayor stood a tumbler holding seven or eight cellophane-wrapped cigars. O'Dwyer, I thought, looked heavier and more fatigued than he had when I had first met him, about a year before. He nodded as I took a chair on the opposite side of the table, and, helping himself to one of the cigars, put it in a holder and lit it. At that point, my old friend Mr. Montecalvo came into the room and advanced toward an empty chair at the table. "Boys, I know this man," Cohen said. "Montecalvo. Examiner of Licenses. He wouldn't give away the right time of day." Montecalvo grinned self-consciously as he sat down, and the Mayor looked at him approvingly. "Now," said Patterson, "the Department of Licenses is going to cost two hundred and seventy-two thousand one hundred and seventy-five dollars this year, Mr. Mayor. It's up forty-five thousand over last year, but it's eighty thousand less than the Department wanted. We gave them five new inspectors, for one thing."

"Have they increased the number of licenses to be inspected?" the Mayor asked, in such a low voice that I could hardly hear him. Montecalvo replied that inspection work was expected to increase considerably because it looked as if licenses were going to be issued to at least four new categories of business.

"This department brought in sixty thousand more than last year," Patterson said quickly. "And the inspectors, they're . . . That right, Montecalvo?"

"Yes, the inspectors are absolutely necessary," the examiner said. "In fact, I've been very miserly with Licenses, Mr. Mayor. The Commissioner asked for a lot more inspectors, but I told him he could use the Police Department for the rest."

"Now, is that sound?" the Mayor asked, studying his cigar holder. "Is it sound for the License Commissioner to be so short of his own men that he has to use the police?"

"Why, Mr. Mayor, he'd need a *thousand* new men if he didn't use the police," said Montecalvo.

"Didn't *you* have to help out with license inspections when you . . . ?" Patterson asked, looking at the Mayor in amazement.

The Mayor leaned far back in his chair. "Oh, that's right," he said. "Come to think of it, in the days when I was on the police force, you had to turn in a report on every hole in the street. You had a card with a list of things to look for on your tour of patrol, and if you failed to report an unlicensed junk wagon or something, and the sergeant came along and spotted it, you were subject to discipline. All right, Pat," he said, straightening up and tapping the ashes off his cigar. "Licenses looks all right to me. Believe me, friend," he said, turning to me, "all the departments aren't as reasonable as this one." Then he nodded at Montecalvo, who left, looking flattered.

"Now, how about Debt Service, Pat?" the Mayor asked. "Debt Service—the mortgage on the home," he went on, while Patterson placed some papers in front of him. "Before we can move, before we can buy so much as a lead pencil, we've got to provide the money for Debt Service—amortization and interest payments on what the city owes. How much is it, Pat?"

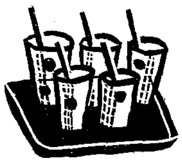
Patterson said it came to $201,583,273.69 and was, as usual, the biggest item in the budget. "And how much does the city owe altogether?" the Mayor asked, as if he were leading the recital of a catechism, and Patterson chirped, "Two billion eight hundred and fifty-seven million twenty-three thousand nine hundred and ninety dollars and forty-eight cents."

After a properly respectful silence, Cohen grumbled that the city's indebtedness was the fault of earlier regimes and that nobody could do anything about it now. "It's like that time around 1870," he said, "when they went and issued two hundred and seventy-eight thousand dollars' worth of seven-per-cent non-callable bonds so they could lay some wooden planks on a street up in the West Farms section of the Bronx. The last of those aren't going to mature until March 1st, 2147. A hundred and ninety-eight thousand dollars' worth of them are still outstanding, and they're go-

ing to cost us nearly fourteen thousand in interest this year."

"You mean we still don't own the Bronx, Louie?" the Mayor demanded.

"Just two hundred years more and it'll be ours," Cohen assured him. "But for that matter, practically all the bonds the city has ever issued were non-callable because the bankers say they won't take any other kind. Why, only back in 1940, when the city took over the subways, it issued more than three hundred million dollars' worth of three-per-cent bonds that won't mature until 1980. Today we could borrow that money at two per cent or less, but we can't call those bonds in."



"Most of the subway equipment the city bought with that money has already been discarded," the Mayor said. "But we'll still be paying for it for the next thirty-three years. How much is the interest on all the city's non-callable bonds, Pat?" About a hundred and two million dollars this year, Patterson told him. "I wish I knew who thought up the idea of non-callable bonds," the Mayor said. "I'd heave every plank in West Farms at him. But I suppose most of the planks are worn out by this time."

"All of them are," said Cohen.

ON April 1st, Patterson sent me a copy of his twenty-one-and-a-half-pound book, printed (at a cost of $32,575.20) in advance of approval or amendment by the Board of Estimate and the City Council on the assumption that whatever alterations were to come would involve nothing more than changing some of the figures and then running another edition off the presses. With it, he enclosed a copy of the Mayor's budget message (three ounces) to the Board and the Council. I read the message first. In it, the Mayor lamented that the budget did not provide for all the services that he considered essential but declared that it was the best he could do within the city's financial limitations. He noted that he had pared $68,400,000 from the total requested by the various departments. He did not mention horse vans, voting booths, or typewriters with Gothic type. The total sum he felt obliged to spend during the coming fiscal year, he said, was $1,029,120,314.73. (Upon reading the message, a conscientious representative of a taxpayers' organization sat right down and figured out that at this rate the city would be spending $32.54 a second.)

I then read enough of Patterson's book to discover that the Mayor had decided that the Police Department needed about half a million less than Examiner Walsh thought it did and that the Fire Department needed about a hundred thousand less than McEneney thought *it* did.

DURING the second week of April, public hearings were held at which a hundred and sixty-seven of the 7,835,000 citizens of New York City appeared before the Board of Estimate to argue for changes in the budget. They had their say for five fairly fruitless days—the longest series of hearings on the subject in the city's history. The official stenotypist for the Board, who has been recording budget hearings for the last nineteen years and estimates that all told they have run to a total of at least forty million words ("Maybe it's fifty million," he says. "All I know is I've got a broken back"), took down 620,000 words during those five days.

On the morning of the first hearing, I went around to Patterson's office beforehand to catch up on the latest developments. Patterson told me that several days after the session of the retreat I had attended, the Mayor and he had totted up totals and discovered that the budget was something like twelve million dollars more than the revenue anticipated by the Comptroller. So they had gone back over most of the large departmental appropriations and after several hours of anguish had cut out those twelve million. "We had to cut a lot of items we still think are essential," Patterson said as we walked over to City Hall together. "The Mayor was very unhappy about it. Much as I hate to admit it, we even had to cut Education a million and a half—fuel, salaries for substitute teachers, and a hundred thousand dollars' worth of school supplies. We had to take away two inspectors from Licenses, too." I asked him how about the horse vans for the Police Department and he said Police would get only one van, instead of two. I asked him what had been done about the sixty-two hundred dollars the Board of Elections wanted to clean its voting booths. "Well," he said, "I thought we ought to clean them, but that looked like a good way to save a little. As a matter of fact, you know, Montecalvo was against it all along. Well, here we are, just in time for the start of the great debate."

The hearings were held in the Board's large, drafty chamber on the second floor of City Hall. The members of the Board are the Mayor (three votes), the Comptroller (three votes), the President of the City Council (three votes), and the five Borough Presidents (two votes each for Manhattan and Brooklyn, and one vote each for Queens, the Bronx, and Richmond). The Board members sat at a horseshoe-shaped mahogany table on a dais at one end of the room, facing the public, which occupied cream-colored, pewlike benches. All Board members were provided with a copy of the 1,425-page book and a glass of water, and the Mayor with an ebony gavel, as well. Throughout the hearings, the Mayor nearly always had something to say in reply to those who had something to say to the Board. The majority of those who showed up turned out to be municipal employees pleading for higher pay. At one stage in the proceedings, a man named Max Weintraub, who described himself as a stenographer in the Magistrates' Court in East New York, told the Board that he and seventeen other court stenographers were getting a bad deal. True, they had received small raises last year and the year before, bringing them up to around $3,500, but prior to that they had received the same salary for thirteen years and now the new budget made no provision at all to increase their pay. Moreover, according to Mr. Weintraub, court stenographers were given little opportunity to get ahead in the world. "Firemen can become lieutenants, patrolmen can become sergeants, we can become nothing—so here we are," he said. "Max, I know you boys work hard," the Mayor replied. "I know because I was a magistrate and I remember you. Many a new magistrate you broke in, including myself." He then told Weintraub that the city was simply too poor to grant him a raise this year and asked him to give his regards to the boys at the court.

About a score of speakers asked the Board to cut the budget. The rest wanted the city to spend more money, and some of them offered their own pet ideas of how to raise it—by licensing bicycles, baby carriages, bookies, and crap-game operators; by charging fees for police protection of payroll messengers; by imposing special taxes on the rich; by raising the transit fare and the price of ashes sold by the Sanitation Department; and by *making* Governor Dewey give more money to the city. By the fifth day, the members of the Board looked exhausted. The Borough Presidents of Manhattan and Queens took to dozing intermittently, and the Borough President of Brooklyn took to winking benevolently at elderly ladies in the front pews. The Mayor began to make frequent references to the grievous effects of public service upon a man's health. "Believe me, I'd rather see the flowers as they grow instead of in some funeral parlor," he remarked at one point. A Department of Sanitation man got up to describe the difficulties of his work on cranes and derricks and asked the Mayor to turn to an item on page 762 of the budget. "Just tell me what's on the page," the Mayor said wearily, taking a sip of water. "If we go on like this much longer, I'll be wrecking my wrist." But the people who had come to be heard kept on speaking. A man from the Department of Welfare wanted subway passes for social workers, officers of Parent-Teacher Associations protested against the cut in the allotment for school supplies, and a physician spoke up for more generous treatment of hospital psychiatrists. And so it went. At seven-fifteen that evening, the Mayor recognized the only remaining occupant of the benches—Myra Barnes, a retired schoolteacher from Staten Island, who, it developed, had come to complain not about the budget but about the dumping of garbage in her borough. She talked on for twenty minutes, and when she had finished, the Mayor banged his gavel on the table and declared the hearing adjourned. As the members of the Board started to leave, a man dashed into the room, clamoring that he had waited days to speak and had just left the room for a moment to call his wife to say he'd be late getting home. The Mayor and his colleagues resignedly took their seats again, and the man introduced himself as a climber-pruner for the Parks Department. He felt that since the city had two and a half million trees waiting to be pruned, its pruners should be better paid. The Mayor thanked him, and the hearing was adjourned, finally and officially, at seven-forty-five.

Three days later, the members of the Board of Estimate met again, this time in a closed session at which the Comptroller, I subsequently learned, brought the good news that he had underestimated the city's revenues for the next year by about $2,000,000. But any substantial increase of the budget over that figure, he warned, would mean exceeding the limit set on real-estate taxation. In less than an hour, the Board decided to boost the budget $2,841,440—all for the benefit of schools, child-care centers, hospitals, and charitable institutions—and the following day, at an open meeting, it approved its own decision in a matter of minutes. Nothing was said about the problems of climber-pruners, court stenographers, or the dumping of garbage on Staten Island.

I had a brief talk with Mr. Patterson after the Board had approved the budget. He seemed very happy. His face was flushed with excitement and his jaws champed with even more than their accustomed vigor. "Have you read the book yet?" he asked eagerly. I was able to tell him truthfully that I had examined a number of its pages. "It isn't like last year's book," he said. "Last year, the Mayor and the Board did it over three times and then stuck in *eight* million. They barely touched it this year. Less than three million."

WITHIN a week after the Board of Estimate had completed its labors, the City Council received the budget and passed it on to its Finance Committee for study. The Committee is headed by Colonel Charles E. Keegan, a Bronx Democrat who served as Military Governor of Bavaria in 1945, and it has nine other members, six of whom are also Democrats, two Republicans, and one a Communist—a political balance intentionally like that of the twenty-three-member Council. On May 1st, the Finance Committee held a public hearing on the budget in the Council Chamber, a few doors from the Board of Estimate's meeting place. In the chamber are a gallery for the public, a dais for the presiding officer, and desks and chairs for the Councilmen, arranged in a semicircle. When I got there, the gallery was empty, but all the members of the Committee were present except the Communist, Benjamin J. Davis, Jr., who was out marching in the May Day Parade. On the floor with them were five persons who wanted to be heard. Four of them, representing municipal workers' unions, asked that the budget be passed without cuts. The fifth, a spokesman for the Citizens Budget Commission, thought he saw how reductions totalling $5,687,676 could be made. He wanted to cut out the appropriations for the upkeep of airports leased by the city to the Port of New York Authority, for Station WNYC (which, he said, the city should lease to a private operator), and for a number of other things. The hearing lasted only thirty-five minutes. After it was over, I asked Colonel Keegan how long it would take the Council to act on the budget. "Well," he said, "we're licked if we can't find anything to whittle out before May 22nd. That's our deadline, but we might be able to do the job in two weeks." He promised to let me know when the Finance Committee had finished its studies and was ready to report to the Council.

Mr. Cohen, who had also attended this desultory session, walked downstairs with me from the Council Chamber. He was in a cheerful mood. "This is the time *I* always used to make trouble when I was a member of the Council," he said. "I got in LaGuardia's hair. I got in Patterson's hair. I was trouble." He went on to say that if the Council should decide to make any changes, the budget would have to go back to the Mayor, who has the power of veto. If the Mayor should exercise that power, it would take a three-fourths vote of the Council to overrule him. I asked him what would happen if the city should be obliged to spend beyond its means. "Well, it's happened often enough in the past," he said. "When it does, the city pays the extra by issuing notes against future budgets."

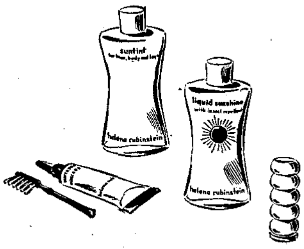
At the foot of the stairs, we met a pudgy, bald man in shirtsleeves who was smoking a pipe. Cohen introduced him to me as Councilman Hart, of Brooklyn. I asked him whether he thought the City Council would cut the budget.

"What budget?" he asked.

"Why, you know, the city budget," said Cohen.

"Oh, *that*," said Councilman Hart, putting a hand on Cohen's shoulder. "Louie knows we wouldn't cut that. What the Council does about it is just a formality."

SHORTLY before lunchtime five days later, Colonel Keegan telephoned me to say that there was a change of plan and the Council was going to consider the budget that afternoon. Most of the Councilmen were already at their desks when I arrived, and I saw Councilman Hart among them, alternately puffing at his pipe and talking to Cohen. The gallery was filled with high-school boys and girls from a current-events class, many of whom were earnestly leaning over the rail to get a better view of the taxpayers' representatives in action. One of the Councilmen came over to me and said that action



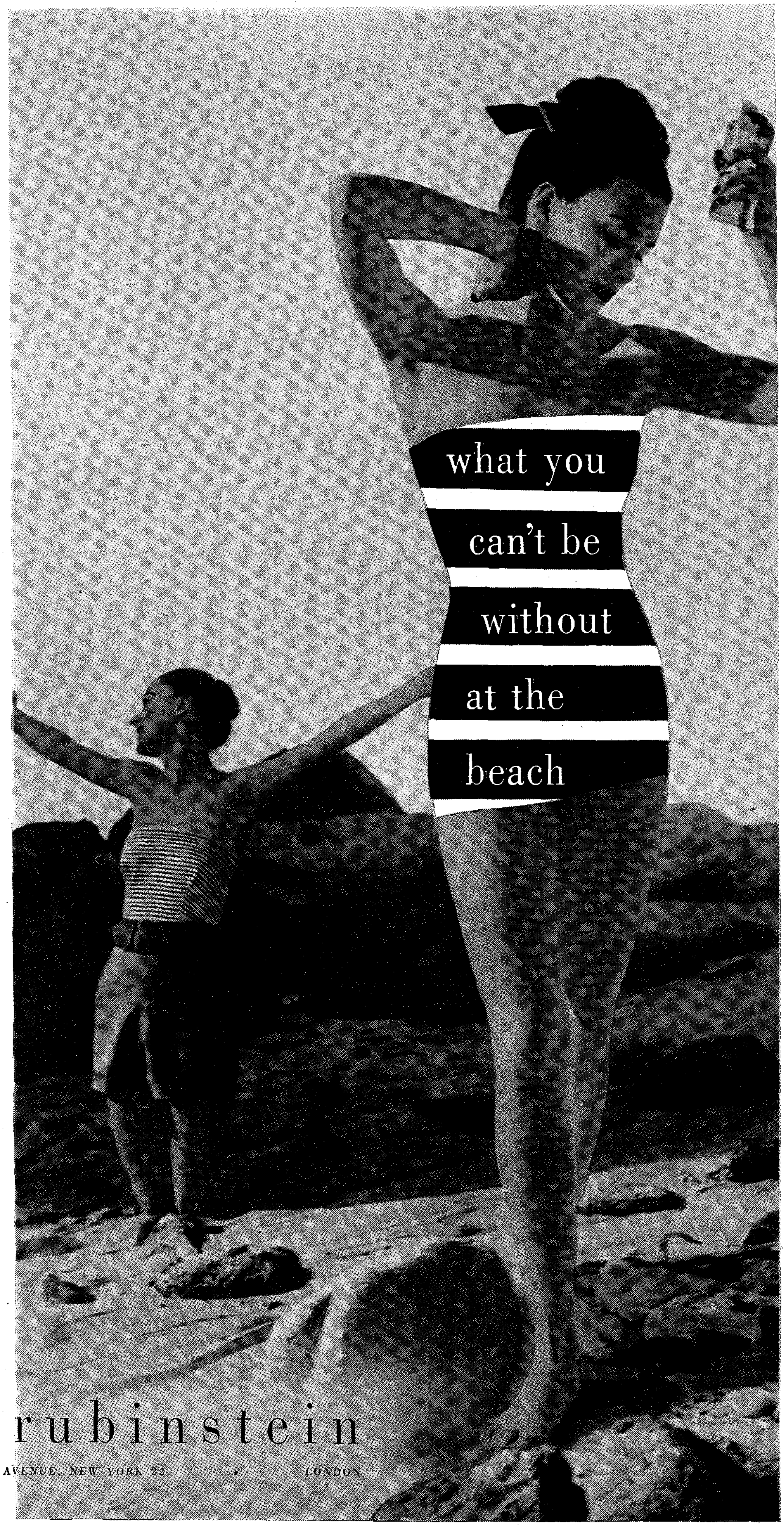
LIQUID SUNSHINE
coaxes tan, shoos insects, helps prevent burn. Men, too, like its tangy scent, non-greasy feel. 1.00, .65

SUN TINT
gives you a tanned look without sunning. Smooth it on from head to toe—and turn gold as a sun-goddess. 1.00

WATERPROOF MASCARA
stays put in sea, shower, weepy movie. Black, Brown, or Heavenly Blue. 1.00

HELENA RUBINSTEIN LIPSTICKS
with their special summer texture keep your lips soft and smooth even in drying sun. Crackerjack, Heavenly Glow, Apple Red. 1.50, 1.00

plus tax



helena rubinstein

PARIS • 715 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22 • LONDON

BATHING SUIT AT LEFT BY CAROLYN SCHNURER

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN
present

in association with JOSHUA LOGAN
"A HILARIOUS COMEDY—A MUST."
—Garland, Journal-American

JOHN LOVES MARY

A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MR. LOGAN
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. West of B'way
Air-Cond. • Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"MASTERFUL . . . ENTRANCING."
—Hawkins, World-Telegram
HELEN HAYES
in
"Happy Birthday"
A New Comedy by ANITA LOOS
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
BROADHURST THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
Air-Cond. • Matinées Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"ALL TRIUMPHANT." —Barnes, Her. Trib.
ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St. W. of B'way
Air-Cond. • Matinées Wed. & Sat., 2:30

ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr. presents
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
the Voice of the Turtle
NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
LOUISA HORTON • BOYD CRAWFORD • PEGGY FRENCH
LONDON — Piccadilly Theatre
MARGARET SULLAVAN • WENDELL COREY • AUDREY CHRISTIE

"I CALL IT GRAND"—Chapman, News
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
The Nation's Top Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
▶ NEW YORK—NATIONAL THEATRE
▶ CHICAGO—BLACKSTONE THEATRE
[BOTH THEATRES SCIENTIFICALLY AIR-CONDITIONED]
"Broadway's Biggest Revue Hit!"—LIFE MAG.

was being taken two weeks earlier than expected, because some of the city accountants who would have to compute the real-estate tax on the basis of the budget as finally approved had planned a fishing trip. (Before taking off with their rods and reels, the accountants produced a set of figures that called for a nineteen-point rise in the city-wide tax rate—from $2.70 to $2.89 on each $100 of assessed valuation.)

When Council President Vincent Impellitteri got the meeting under way, Colonel Keegan reported that the Finance Committee had no changes to recommend in the budget and advocated its adoption. This precipitated an hour-long session of arguments, motion-making, and general confusion, in the course of which Councilman Phillips, a Republican of Queens, moved that the $161,000 allotted to Station WNYC for salaries be deleted. At this, Democratic Majority Leader Sharkey of Brooklyn got up and said that he had been opposed to the operation of WNYC under the LaGuardia administration but favored letting it run under the present one because it was now furthering "the cultural development of the people." Councilman Hart, who is also a Democrat, expressed pleasure that WNYC was not being used any longer as "an instrument of torture." The motion to deny funds for the station was defeated, 20–3. Councilman Goldberg, a Liberal of Brooklyn, moved to adjourn the meeting, saying that more time was needed to study the budget. Councilman (or Colonel) Keegan moved to table this motion. Councilman Goldberg was ruled out of order and replied by shouting that a motion to adjourn was always in order. "Likewise a motion to table!" Councilman Keegan shouted back. Councilman Goldberg said a motion to adjourn could not be tabled. His motion was tabled, 16–7.

When the Council got around to voting on the adoption of the Finance Committee's favorable report, Councilman Palestin of the Bronx, another Liberal, voted against it, and a moment later, before the voting was completed, stood up and said he wanted to change his vote and would be glad to tell his colleagues why. He explained that he had voted against adoption because the budget was so big and, he felt, was being steamrollered through without giving the Councilmen sufficient time to study it. He declared that the first he had heard of the budget was on May 5th, and here it was only May 6th. He wound up by saying, "Now that I have heard my own remarks, I think I will not change my mind after all and will still vote against adopting the report." The report was adopted, 16–7. Before a vote was taken on the budget itself, Councilman Sharkey said that Councilmen Goldberg and Palestin had had twenty days in which to study the document. "And if you had another twenty, or two hundred, you still wouldn't open that book!" he shouted. I looked at Budget Director Patterson, who was slouching in a chair across the room from me. His jaw was still, and he was staring disconsolately first at Goldberg and then at Palestin. The Council President finally halted the wrangling by announcing that the vote on the budget would now be taken. The budget was adopted, 23–0.

After the meeting was adjourned, I went over to Patterson and congratulated him. "Thanks," he said, but he didn't look particularly happy. "How do you like *that*?" he asked irritably. "Everybody here had a copy of the book in front of him, and as far as I could see, not one of them even opened . . . Say"—he grabbed my arm and smiled proudly—"do you know that more than ninety-nine per cent of this budget stood as we made it? Well, that's that for a while," he added, tenderly gathering up a mess of papers and a copy of his book from underneath his chair.

TWO days later, in his office, the Mayor signed a statement certifying that $1,031,961,754.73 was the amount approved to keep the city running during the next fiscal year. He did so at a two-minute ceremony attended only by Cohen and a meagre scattering of the press. The Mayor's large desk was bare except for the statement, two fountain pens in a stand, a clock, an ashtray, and, looming large far to his left, a copy of the budget. A moment after the Mayor had signed and a couple of photographers had taken his picture, a friend of his happened in and remarked, "It looks like a big book, Bill."

O'Dwyer grimaced. "It's *too* big, chum," he replied. "Don't think I like it. But it's a budget that makes the two ends meet. And all the blather in the world couldn't have made it one penny more or, believe me, one penny less."

—LILLIAN ROSS

•

PRETTY GENTLEMAN'S ESTATE

9-room house, all improvements, shade trees, lawn, flowers . . .—*Adv. in the Times.*

You needn't go on. It just doesn't attract us.

OF ALL THINGS

Molotov's rejection of the American plan for aiding Europe is symbolic of the cooling of relations between two former friends. It seems only yesterday that the Soviet Union was urging us to come to Europe for a nice, long stay.

•

The President, who last week reluctantly signed the rent-control bill, is clearly put out because Congress has been offering him so little variety. Day after day, he has to sit down and choose between bad and worse.

•

In upholding the so-called Petrillo Law, the Supreme Court dealt a blow to the practice of compelling employers to hire more musicians than they need. From now on, dancers must still pay the piper, but they won't have to pay a couple of other fellows, too.

•

The United States Employment Service thinks it almost certain that the number of Americans with jobs will reach an all-time high of 59,300,000 this fall. Everybody will probably be so busy that the predicted autumn recession will have to be postponed.

•

For the first time in seventeen years, the government has been able to report a budget surplus as of July 1st. The treasury apparently has at last given up experimenting with Technicolor and gone back to plain black-and-white.

•

Thomas Dewey is off on what he has described as a non-political tour of the West. During his month-long vacation, the Governor will call on Party leaders in twenty states and talk to all of them about nothing but the weather.

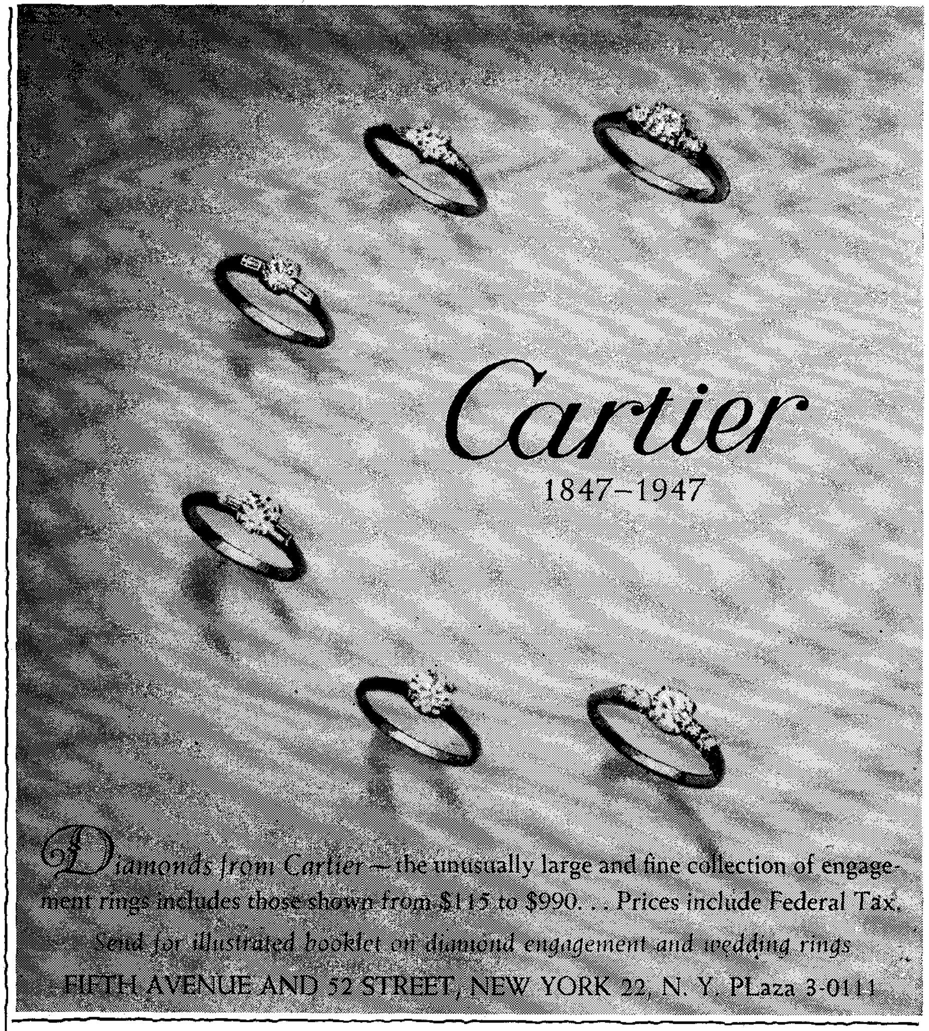
•

Mme. Eva Perón's tour of northern Italy had to be cut short because of climatic troubles. The comely wife of the Argentine President found the weather too hot and the populace too chilly.

•

In the first quarter of the current year, the consumption of liquor fell off thirty per cent, largely, it is said, because of high prices. At this rate, it won't be long before the only people able to afford a drink will be Men of Distinction.

—Howard Brubaker


Cartier
1847–1947

Diamonds from Cartier—the unusually large and fine collection of engagement rings includes those shown from $115 to $990. . . Prices include Federal Tax.

Send for illustrated booklet on diamond engagement and wedding rings

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. PLaza 3-0111

now! *the* SARD *Sportsman*

A new kind of Binocular

6 POWER!
4¼ OUNCES!
SMALLER THAN YOUR HAND!

Comparison of new 6 x 20 Sard Sportsman with conventional 6 x 30 binocular of similar performance. One-fourth the weight, one-third the size!

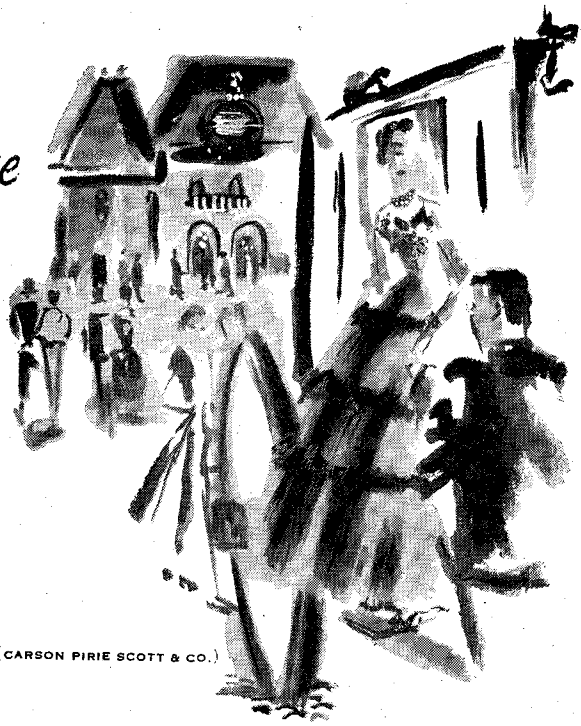
The outdoor world has long wanted a genuine, high-precision 6-power binocular that is easy to carry around. Here it is—the Sard Sportsman. It weighs but 4¼ ounces and *you can tuck it in your breast pocket!* By the skillful application of modern scientific achievements, it gives a brilliant image without the corresponding weight and bulk of conventional binoculars. The body is of feather-light magnesium, exquisitely finished in field brown enamel and baby alligator. With fine wood presentation case, pliable pigskin carrying case and nylon neck cord, $165 plus tax.

Sard Binoculars are being sold through a limited number of qualified stores. If you do not find them yet at the optical counter of your favorite store, write us for complete information and booklet. Sard Binoculars are made by Square D Company's Kollsman Instrument Division, designers and manufacturers of precision optical and indicating instruments for commercial and military aviation.

SQUARE D COMPANY Kollsman Instrument Division, 80-06 45th Avenue, Elmhurst, N. Y.

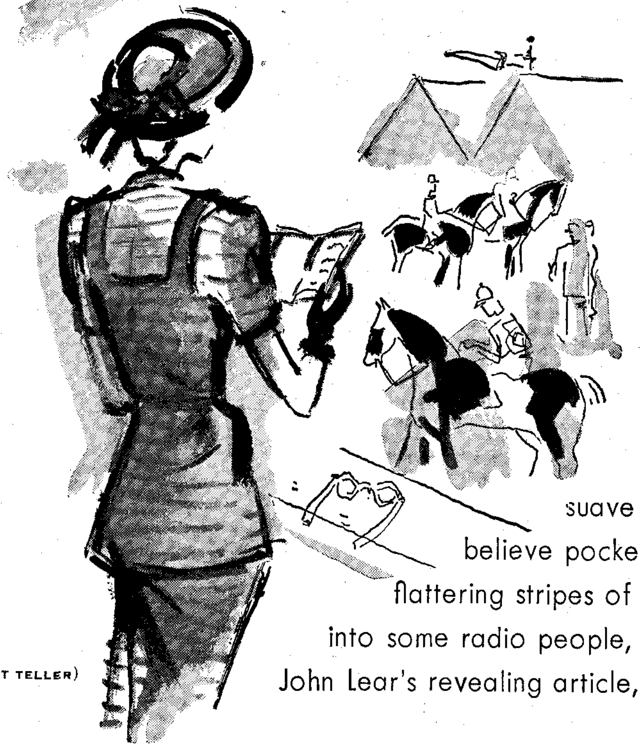
If you're going to the Central City Opera House

High in the mountains you'll float in like a cloud in this black net sensation. You'll love the sleek bodice of cerise satin and the billowy bouffant skirt. So your mood will match the romantic magic of the gown, be sure to read Richard Stern's oh-so-sophisticated love story, "Dream Stuff."



(CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.)

ARE YOU *Beautiful* BUT BRIGHT?



Making tracks to Saratoga?

You'll get off to a flying start in this suave tailored suit with waist-slimming make-believe pockets. Designed by Adrian, it has figure-flattering stripes of blue and grey. You're bound to run into some radio people, and they're sure to be talking about John Lear's revealing article, "You Can't Say That on the Air."

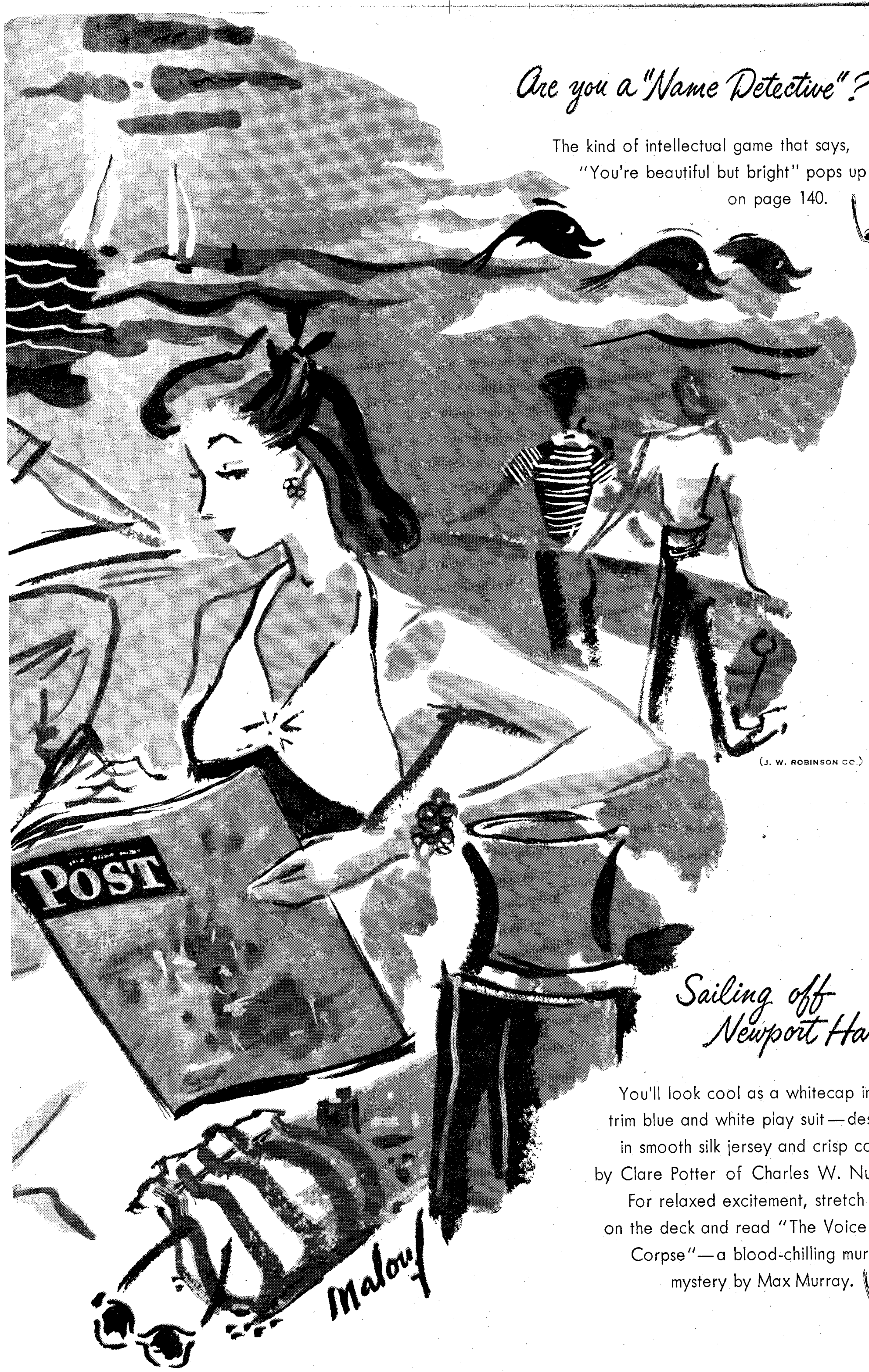
(BONWIT TELLER)

You'll find tomorrow's conversation in today's Post

—just a few samples of all the exciting reading you'll find in the July 12 issue of The Saturday Evening Post

Are you a "Name Detective"?

The kind of intellectual game that says, "You're beautiful but bright" pops up on page 140.



(J. W. ROBINSON CO.)

Sailing off Newport Harbor?

You'll look cool as a whitecap in this trim blue and white play suit—designed in smooth silk jersey and crisp cotton by Clare Potter of Charles W. Nudelman. For relaxed excitement, stretch out on the deck and read "The Voice of the Corpse"—a blood-chilling murder mystery by Max Murray.

LETTER FROM CRACOW

JULY 2

CRACOW is the only important city in Poland that still looks like its prewar picture postcards. It is a pretty, provincial southern university town of ancient red brick walls, white plaster palaces, and campus chestnut trees—a little city of nobles, professors, churchmen, retired bourgeoisie, and conservative convictions left over from a more agreeable past. Cracow was the medieval capital of Poland's fighting kings. It was almost unscratched by this last war. All the important events of Polish history used to take place in Cracow. All the important new historical events take place in Warsaw. Ruined Warsaw, capital of the Communist government, says that Cracow is now the county seat of black reaction and during the war was the Vichy of Poland. Nazi Governor Hans Frank's residence was the Wawel, the old royal castle, perched, a Renaissance skyscraper, on Cracow's single, rocky height, overlooking the Vistula. No love is lost between the two cities.

In the French and Russian revolutions, the aristocrats lost their heads. In Poland's current semi-revolution, the nobles have lost only their lands, of which the richest lay east of Cracow. In accordance with an agrarian reform decreed by the Lublin Communists in 1944, all Polish estates of more than fifty hectares were expropriated. As was intended, this reform ruined the Polish *Szlachta*, those famous, sometimes fantastic, inbred, feudal, art-loving and sport-loving aristocrats—such as the Potockis, Radziwills, and Lanckoronskis—who, from the eminence of their great châteaux, gazed over vast, lovely, village-dotted landscapes that they could call their own. Upon the expropriation of their property, these aristocrats, whose families had lived on these sites for centuries, were given twenty-four hours to leave and permission to take one suitcase apiece. The estates were divided up into small freeholds and given to the peasants, who had also lived there for centuries. Having already lost their Warsaw town houses in the bombings, many refugee nobles flocked to Cracow, where—this city having been the halfway station between Warsaw and their estates—a number of them had a third palatial residence, handy indeed today. Because of Poland's acute housing shortage, no room, by law, may remain unoccupied. To augment their income, the Cracow *Szlachta* go beyond what the law requires and rent out the grander rooms of their palaces, squeezing themselves, in a mixture of great-aunts and little cousins, into the smaller chambers. Many of the English-speaking older women—who also speak German, because Cracow was Austrian under the Emperors, and speak Russian, because Warsaw was Russian under the Czars, and speak French, because it was fashionable in their day—earn money by giving English lessons. English is the only foreign language the Poles want to learn now. Some noblemen have found jobs in Poland's new territory around Wroclaw, formerly Germany's Breslau. Being romantics, the nobles mourn their lost lands more than their lost money. They were a long-privileged élite, who ignored the nineteenth century's liberal ideas and even the minimal reforms of their autocratic Marshal Pilsudski. The events of this century have finally wiped them out.

THE peasant farmers, the successors to the noble landowners, are being given kid-glove treatment by the Communist government, which they could starve out. Being the backbone of Mikolajczyk's defeated, conservative Polish Peasant Party, they are the biggest class of anti-Communists. There is no talk of collectivized farms to upset them. Like all Europe's peasant landowners, they are now hard-working capitalists engaged in creating and selling food, which has become a luxury. Industrial capitalism has, however, been hamstrung. Every enterprise employing more than fifty workers on one shift has been taken over by the government, which manages the business and takes the

"I do wish you wouldn't get burned up over editorials until I get a chance at the paper."

The First and Last Word in Scotch

HAIG & HAIG
Haig & Haig Ltd
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
BY HAIG & HAIG
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
Liqueur Blended Scots Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
HAIG & HAIG
LIMITED
Edinburgh
Scotland
SPECIALLY SELECTED
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
HAIG & HAIG

The Oldest name in Scotch

IT HAD TO BE BETTER TO ENJOY SUCH UNIVERSAL PREFERENCE FOR 320 YEARS

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF · RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

One of the
TREASURES
of all time

IMPORTED
Harwood's
Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd.
Vancouver, British Columbia,
Canada
Distillery No. 2
90.4 Proof
Port 13-1
Distilled, blended and bottled under the supervision of the Canadian Government.
90.4
Proof

Roche Percée (Pierced Rock), Gaspé Peninsula, Province of Québec, Dominion of Canada—home of Harwood's Blended Canadian Whisky.

Harwood's Canadian
BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY
Sole UNITED STATES Importers:
R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., Inc., NEW YORK, N.Y.

profit. Retail shops, on the other hand, while subject to price control, have been treated generously. Shopkeepers, who were made penniless, like everybody else, by the monetary reforms of the Lublin government, have since recouped by averaging a whacking ten-per-cent profit. Because of these very anomalies, Poland's curious Communist setup might be regarded as the simplest, most worldly, and most successful example in Europe of Moscow's new, flexible colonizing plan.

This plan dates here from the winter of 1944-45, when the Lublin group's brief attempt to Sovietize Poland was hastily abandoned, since it could have been carried out only by force. Moscow had neither the trained men, the money, nor the stupidity to try that. Instead, it set out to make Poland prosperous, to let Polish Communism grow without forcing it, and, by manipulation, to get hold of the reins of the parliamentary government. The old Leninist policy of seizing power, starving the kulaks, and killing the aristocrats and the capitalists has thus been replaced by Stalin's policy of chasing out the landlords, temporarily pampering the peasants, using profiteering shopkeepers to effect the distribution of goods—a task the government is not yet organized to handle—and, finally, of cooking the elections. Factory workers are permitted to strike, and many are doing it right now. "The largeheartedness of our Polish folk democracy" is the Communist Party's favorite sloganeering phrase. Polish Communism today is tolerable. People are free to travel around, if they can afford it, but they are not free in their talk or in their political action. Poland's 1947 economy resembles Russia's in 1921, after the profit-making nep-men came in. A Polish Communist government is firmly established, but all except about twenty-five Poles in a thousand hate Communism and fear Soviet Russia. As one Polish Communist has candidly said, "Out of twenty-five million Poles, we have six hundred thousand Party members. Half of them are ambitious trash who have climbed aboard to get jobs. That leaves three hundred thousand. Half of these are untrained in dialectics or are ignorant idiots. That leaves us a hundred and fifty thousand. Our job is to make Communism popular, not stick it down Poland's throat. If we Communize Poland in twenty years, we will be lucky."

NEXT to the University of Prague, the University of Cracow is the oldest in Europe. Copernicus studied here. A tenth of the town's population are students. Both the faculty and the curriculum are regarded by the government, and by some of the students, as conservative and retrograde. Neither has so far been touched, however. Professors hear that younger, radical blood may replace them by autumn. The government's pet university is the one it founded at Lodz two years ago, with a faculty made up of appropriately oriented new men. Of the two colleges in Lublin, the older, the Maria Curie University, is now Marxist. The second, founded just before the war, is still Catholic, but it has up-to-date teaching methods and a new chair of theology for reconciling church doctrine with scientific facts. Professors everywhere are ill paid. Students have little money. Many are five years behind in their studies, since the Germans shut the colleges, on the theory that Poles were incapable of being educated.

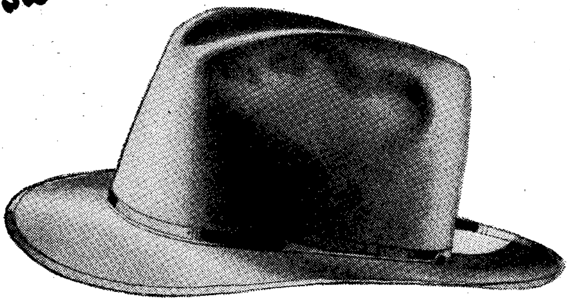
Two and a half months after the German General Government of Poland occupied Cracow, its local chiefs officially invited the University faculty to attend what the invitation called a lecture. This turned out to be nothing more than the inaccurate accusation that all the Cracow faculty was anti-German, plus an order for the rector to head his professors in formal academic procession toward some S.S. vans waiting outside. The faculty spent the next three months in the concentration camp at Oranienberg. A philosophy professor was the only one beaten to death, but fifteen others eventually died of exposure to the winter cold, for which the Nazis had attired them in cast-off Wehrmacht summer uniforms. When the survivors were returned to Cracow, the university was closed. Until the Germans left, most professors held clandestine classes—and exams, too—in their homes.

TWO uncensored, and highly influential, papers are published in Cracow. *Tygodnik Powszechny* (*Universal Weekly*) is a Catholic weekly under the wing of the *Szlachtecki* Cardinal Sapieha, a handsome, fighting little old figure to whom Cracovians shout "*Niech żyje!* [Long life!]" when he motors through the streets. Today, Cracow is Poland's Catholic stronghold, an archiepiscopal see and the headquarters of the Church's open war on Communism, which has up to now left the Church absolutely alone—the only Polish institution still free to speak, preach, and print as it sees fit. To the Poles, the Church is the custodian of their nationalism. A Communist persecution of the Church would probably incite the Poles to one of those bloody, brave insurrections that have starred their history. The second uncensored Cracow publication is *Glos Angli* (*Voice of England*), a Polish-language weekly put out for national distribution by the British government's excellent propaganda bureau here. It is the only paper in Poland representing the Western Allied view.

The United States Information Service's propaganda headquarters, in Warsaw, has concentrated on establishing a library of American books, installed in one of several neat little huts that have been set up for the Service under the trees in the back garden of our once elegant but now bombed-out embassy. Educated Poles are starved for books. Twenty-five hundred Poles come to the library every month, a third of them to catch up on the American scientific news they missed during the war, and seventeen per cent, oddly, to read, in the midst of ruins, about the fine arts. The Information Service is doing an extremely good job in the provinces by lending out documentary films, such as "Ohio Town," "T.V.A.," and "Sunday in New York." One month, thirty-two thousand rural Poles saw our documentaries. During the German occupation, our most effective, if accidental, item of propaganda was "Gone with the Wind," which had been translated into Polish just before the war. The book's sheer size made it precious in those long years. During the patriots' insurrection in Warsaw and the burning of the city, a time when the women had to become heroines, they identified themselves with Scarlett O'Hara in the burning of Atlanta. There are only a few copies of the book left in Poland, and they are selling for around two thousand zlotys (twenty dollars at the legal rate), or four times the cost of an ordinary book.

Being so far removed from Europe's Western capitals, and not feeling that they are provincial exiles, cultivated Poles have always been voracious readers. Bourgeois private libraries often

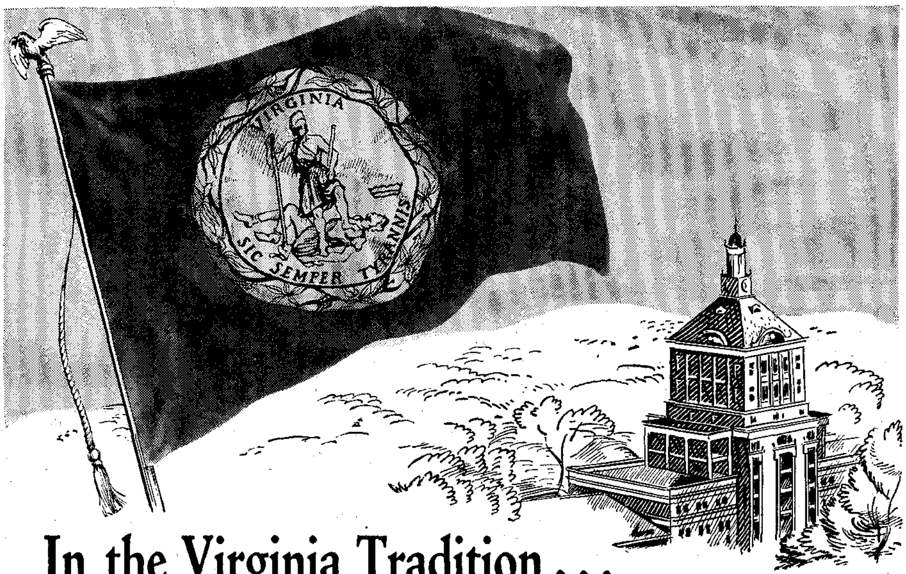
Borsalino! A smart change-off!



Our world-renowned lightweight Borsalino felt hats make a smart change-off on cool and cloudy days all Summer long. Your favorite next Fall, too. $20 and $25.

Rogers Peet Company

In New York: Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street
Thirteenth St. *at* Broadway
Warren Street *at* Broadway
And in Boston: Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.



In the Virginia Tradition...

The gentle traditions of Old Virginia still hold sway at The Homestead, America's most distinguished country hotel. Come for perfect golf, riding, and tennis...for invigorating mineral baths...for the gay social scene...or for simple rest and relaxation. In the beautiful Virginia Alleghanies. Reservations required.

The HOMESTEAD
VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS
FAY INGALLS, President • HAROLD P. BOCK, General Mgr. • N. Y. Office, Waldorf-Astoria

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Wilton Clary • Mary Hatcher • Owen Martin • Ruth Weston
ST. JAMES Thea., W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE NATIONAL COMPANY OF
OKLAHOMA!
NOW AT THE
FORREST THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA

THE LONDON COMPANY OF
OKLAHOMA!
LONDON—THEATRE ROYAL, Drury Lane

S. N. BEHRMAN'S New Comedy
JANE
based on a story by SOMERSET MAUGHAM.
LONDON—ALDWYCH THEATRE

CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with Henry Michel, Iva Withers, Ann Crowley
Eric Mattson, John Conte, Jean Casto
NOW AT THE
SHUBERT THEATRE, CHICAGO
ORDER BY MAIL FROM BOX OFFICES

"A ribaldly entertaining evening"
—George Jean Nathan
MAX GORDON
presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The Nation's Brilliant Comedy Smash
by GARSON KANIN
AIR-COND.
NEW YORK • Lyceum Theatre
CHICAGO • Erlanger Theatre

"TOPS IN TOON—SCOTCH AND SO-DA-LIGHTFUL."—Walter Winchell
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL
BRIGADOON
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER • Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
with
DAVID BROOKS • MARION BELL • PAMELA BRITTON
LEE SULLIVAN • GEORGE KEANE
WILLIAM HANSEN • JAMES MITCHELL
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St, Eves 8:30; Mats Thurs & Sat 2:30

LELAND HAYWARD presents
RALPH BELLAMY • KAY FRANCIS
STATE OF THE UNION
THE HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
PULITZER PRIZE COMEDY
with Myron McCormick Minor Watson Margalo Gillmore
HUDSON THEATRE, 44th Street, East of B'way
Evgs. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:35. Air-Cond.

"Eloquent, fresh and surprising humor"
—GIBBS, The New Yorker
BROCK PEMBERTON presents
JAMES STEWART in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48TH ST. Thea., E. of B'y. N. Y. City. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

used to run to three thousand volumes. Those of Poland's great private libraries that escaped the blitzkrieg were burned by the Germans before they left, in 1944. Among the many treasures lost were the famous Krasinski library of a hundred thousand books, the Zamoyski collection of thirty thousand manuscripts, and the Przeździecki library and archives. The destruction of Polish book readers was immense, too. A recently published volume, almost four hundred pages long—in English, it would be called "List of Cultural Losses"—is simply a Polish *Who's Who*, but all the people listed in it are dead. One way or another, they were killed by the war. Of her 1939 population of thirty-five million, Poland lost seven million—four and a half million of them Christians and two and a half million of them Jews.

Poland is probably the only country that was ever asked to get up and move herself over two seats, as though she had sat down in the wrong place in an international theatre. The Versailles Treaty gave Poland a seat that on the north ran roughly from Vilna west around East Prussia and Danzig and on the south from Rumania west to Czechoslovakia. In 1944, Russia—having already nudged Poland west of the Vilna-Curzon line—suggested that she move over one more, to a seat running from the Curzon line west to the German Oder River on the north and from the eastern end of Czechoslovakia to the Neisse River on the south. The Yalta and Potsdam talks, plus the Lublin Poles' enthusiasm, had, in some off-the-record way, apparently given Russia the right to snatch more than a third of prewar Poland's land. To square things with robbed Poland, whom she also wished to Communize and become popular with, Russia subsequently told Poland (and F.D.R. and Churchill) that Poland could sit where she is sitting today, partly on Germany's lap. By having moved over, Poland today is one-fifth smaller than before all her troubles, and ours, started in 1939.

Simplified and vulgarized, this is the Polish situation today, and Poles are willing to sit up all night discussing it and filling in its subtle, painful complexities: Poland now has Russia on three sides of her—on the east; to the north, in Russia's section of East Prussia; and to the west, from Berlin through Dresden, in the Russian German Zone. With all her national heart, Poland does not want to belong to Russia again. Yet every Pole, even the most pro-Anglo-Saxon, has approved of the Russian gift to them of a slice of Germany, though there is a gnawing fear of German irredentism and future revenge. General Marshall's Moscow Conference thesis that Germany will be a permanent, expensive wreck unless she regains some part of her now Polish territory seems to Poles like coddling enemy Germans and hungering Allied Poles. Poles ask why Marshall didn't at the same time suggest that Poland's eastern Russian border be revised. "If America will only stamp her foot and mean it, all Europe will have hope," one Pole recently said. On the other hand, if the democracies give back to Germany what they have let overcrowded Poland ship a fifth of her population into, democratic Poland will no longer look west to us. If those four or five millions of people are thrown back on her hands, without land to feed them, Poland, economically and politically, will have no choice. She will have to look east to Russia, probably as the seventeenth Soviet Republic.

Catherine the Great, Frederick the Great, Maria Theresa, and then Napoleon broke up Poland. Theirs were the first of the modern partitions. Thereafter, Poland was a nation, but she was never a state until after our war to make the world safe for democracy. Two democracies were indeed made safe by that war in this part of the globe—Czechoslovakia and Poland. We sold one down the river at Munich and we could not save the other at Danzig. Nor does there appear to be anything much we can do today. —Genêt

•

What does Running Water bring?

Running Water brings us health
And other things worth more than wealth.
Without it we would thirst and smell,
Our homes might burn or wouldn't sell,

It irrigates sweet peas and roses,
Washes necks and ears and noses;
At the movies cools the air
For the lovesick, spooning pair,

Running Water puts out fires,
Sprinkles the lawn and never tires;
Bathes the babe, his pants and gown;
Makes insurance rates go down,—

Flushes toilets, fills the tub
For dirty clothes, aye, there's the rub;
Wets our whistles, keeps us clean,
Makes the vegetables green,

These things Running Water brings
Alike to common men and kings;
And so from birth clear to the end
Running Water is man's best friend.
—*Folder from the Manhasset-Lakeville (N.Y.) Water District.*

So open up the friendly tap
And splash the chlorine o'er your map.

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

(YANKEE DOODLE DANDY DIVISION)

[From the Congressional Record]

Mr. Lemke. Mr. Chairman, I move to strike out the last word, and I ask unanimous consent to proceed for three additional minutes.

The Chairman. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from North Dakota [Mr. Lemke]?

There was no objection.

Mr. Lemke. Mr. Chairman, our Uncle Sam has gone delinquent. He is in his second childhood. He has deserted beautiful Miss Columbia and her 140,000,000 sons and daughters. He has become an international philanderer. He is chasing red, pink, green, and off colored skirts all over the world. He is squandering the wealth that Miss Columbia and her 140,000,000 sons and daughters have created.

The time has come that we appoint a guardian to protect him from his folly, and prevent him from squandering the substance of our Nation—from giving away to gold diggers that which belongs to Miss Columbia and her sons and daughters—that which belongs to unborn generations.

I know of no better guardian than a Republican candidate for President in 1948, who believes in America first, last and all the time, with justice to all nations, whether they be the so-called 52 peace loving nations—should be aggressors—or our vanquished foes. One who believes in the Stars and Stripes rather than in a mongrel flag. A candidate who knows enough to know that the One Worlders have been deflated. A candidate that has not, and will not, hobnob with the former pal of Hitler, Joe Stalin.

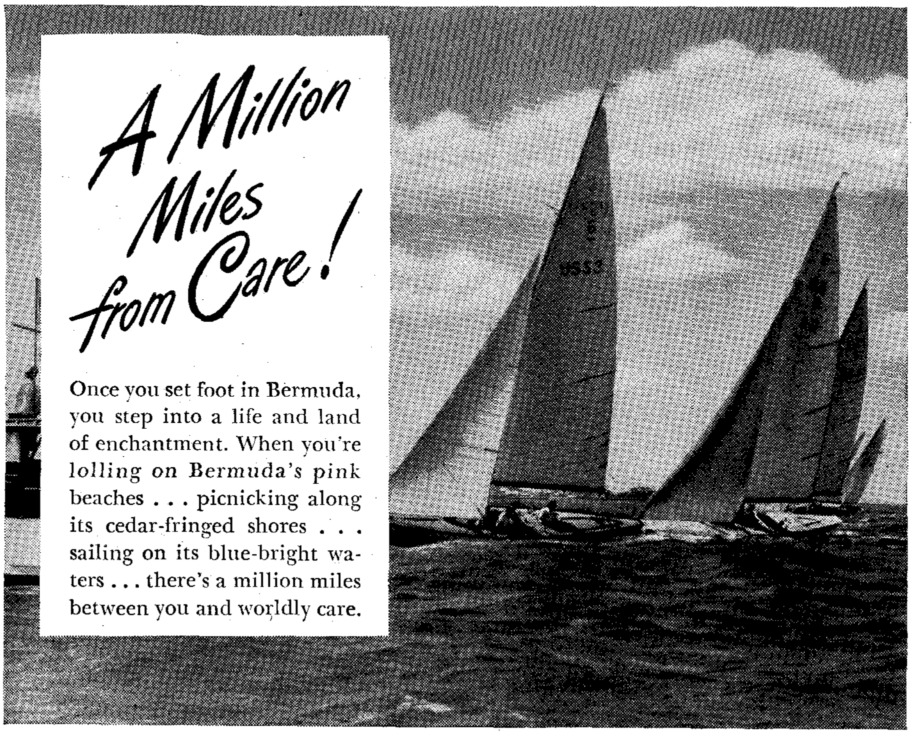
I am sorry that such a candidate—such a guardian—is not yet in sight. I also know that 80 percent of the American people are getting sick and tired of our Uncle's behavior, and demand such a candidate. They know that our Uncle is the easy prey of the global gold diggers—that he is denuding our Nation. They know that he is leading us into another undeclared war.

I too realize that this is a momentous decision. But it need not be, if we remember that our first duty is to our own Nation. It is an easy decision, unless we knock-kneed follow a few misguided, silver-topped octogenarians in both chambers of this Capitol.

The Republican Party was kept out of the White House for 16 years because it had no positive program—because its candidates were me-too followers of the One Worlders—globetrotters. The Democrats met a disastrous rebuke last November 5 because they too blindly followed blind leaders.

The time has come for both parties to again adopt the policy of our forefathers, and avoid globetrotting and foreign entanglements. The time has come for my Democratic friends to adopt the doctrines of Thomas Jefferson. The time has come for my Republican friends to adopt the doctrines of Abraham Lin-

[To be discontinued]


A Million Miles from Care!

Once you set foot in Bermuda, you step into a life and land of enchantment. When you're lolling on Bermuda's pink beaches . . . picnicking along its cedar-fringed shores . . . sailing on its blue-bright waters . . . there's a million miles between you and worldly care.

SAILING, HAMILTON HARBOUR

EVERYTHING IS BETTER IN—

Bermuda

Coat of Arms

FOR NEW ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, *write*

The Bermuda Trade Development Board, Hamilton, Bermuda or 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y. In planning your trip to Bermuda, your Travel Agent will give you experienced help and complete service—at no cost to you.

Concord Calendar Watch 17 Jewels, sweep second hand. Made in Switzerland. Recommended by America's Leading Jewelers. Available in 14 kt. gold or stainless steel.

CONCORD Watch Co.
NEW YORK

Have you a taste for TEMPTATION?

● Like the taste of mustard? Like the taste of horseradish? Then tempt your taste with the double flavor treat of Best Foods Mustard spiked with a dash of Horseradish. Not too strong, not too mild. Get a jar today!

BEST FOODS MUSTARD with HORSERADISH

Always a gay new revue

with a cast of fresh young talents and, of course, those LOVELY COPA GIRLS

3 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8. 12 & 2

DINNER $2.50

Monte Proser's COPACABANA

10 EAST 60 • PL 8-0949

Lafitte GUEST HOUSE

1003 Rue Bourbon, New Orleans, La.

In the "Heart of the Vieux Carre," an ante-bellum mansion, 107 years old in original decor with private bath to each room. Some have balconies. Cuisine is French and Creole.

Raymond A. Mullen, *Host-owner*

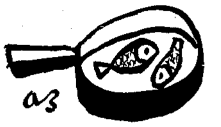
BEAUTYREST

As we drove down the still, elm-shaded street of the town, we saw her from a distance, a tall, beautifully erect woman of about fifty. With a hammer, she was nailing a sign to a pillar of the screened porch of a big gray house. When we drew nearer, we could see that the sign read "Tourists"—nothing more—in white letters on dark green. We slowed down, for we both knew that this pleasant house on this quiet block was where we would like to spend the night. Tourists were all my husband and I could claim to be, even though we had the questionable distinction of travelling with a cat.

"You ask this time," my husband said when we had stopped, so out I got, mussed and very dirty. It was hot.

"We have a cat," I began somewhat feebly, for the woman, as I approached, had not turned to face me. Here it is, I thought, another refusal to accept Chevalier. I looked toward the car, seeking counsel from a shrugged shoulder, a lifted brow. But the late sunlight spangled the windshield, and whatever my husband's attitude might be, it was obliterated by the sun's blinding rays. I turned back.

The woman now faced me. Her eyes were dark, small, and, although brilliant, were tired eyes, and the lines around her generous mouth were tired, too, yet she gave an impression of extraordinary eagerness. She did not reply but looked from me to the car, from the car to the house. For the first time I became aware of another woman. I could see the top of her gray head dipping in and out of sight above the high frame railing of the porch, and I could hear the rocking of an unseen chair. The woman I had spoken to watched the gray head for a moment, and then said slowly, in a steady, low voice, "No, I guess a cat doesn't matter."



At the sound of her voice, the rocking on the porch ceased and the bobbing gray head steadied, then floated up, lifting with it a pale, aged, maiden face above a gray summer dress. Short, plump, and undistinguished, she did not look like the other woman, yet I was sure they were sisters, because they seemed to understand even each other's thoughts. The first woman replied to a question I had not even seen in the other's soft, full face.

"It's all right," she called toward the woman on the porch. "I'll ask them to come back a little later." As she turned again to me, the small woman with the gray hair and the gray dress disappeared into the house.

"We've been busy," explained the woman, her brows just noticeably drawn together. "In half an hour we could fix the room. It would take just a little fixing." She was earnest and terribly eager.

"We'll be back," I said. "We'll have our supper and that will take nearer an hour, I should think." I could feel her watching me as I got into the car, and as we drove off I looked back and saw her suddenly turn and bolt for the door.

At the other end of town we found a drugstore with a lunch counter and had our supper there. When we started to return to the gray house, the sun had set. Children on bicycles darted like evening birds about the houses where they would rest. Parents, subdued and dreamy in the summer heat, drowsed in their porch rockers or leaned heavily against window sills. We were hardly noticed as we drove back through the town, but when we stopped in front of the gray house, people appeared, as from nowhere, all down the block to stare at us. We were watched by a hundred eyes.

The two ladies were seated on the porch, and they rose to meet us. They asked us a dollar for our night's rest, and we paid it with amazement at the smallness of the amount, and a sense of guilt. They wanted us to register in their guestbook. Ours was the first entry; we were their first guests. We sensed the importance of the occasion for the two women, wondered what history of disaster had brought them to opening their house to heaven knows what blackguards and stray creatures. We said we hoped we would bring them luck.

There was a sadness about the house and its two smiling inhabitants that moved us both. In the very center of the ground floor was a fair-sized room, like a large, square core, from which eight doors opened into outer rooms or closets—we could not be sure which. The one open door led from the parlor through which we had entered. The seven others were shut. Dark and airless as the room was, it was of such interest to us that we lingered a little in passing through. In one corner a cupboard with a curved glass front held within its shining fragility such treasures as a conch shell, an old Spanish tortoise-shell comb, a row of tiny star-fish (so placed on the dark shelf that they made a pattern as fine as rare lace), and, laid among those sea things, a faded feather fan. The other things in the room appeared to be wholly utilitarian: an ironing board, immaculately sheathed, lay across two chair backs and was lighted dimly by a small electric bulb swinging above it from a cord; some folding chairs were leaning against one wall; a large number of vases, three buckets with water in them, and one trunk stood against another. In a wicker basket lined with flannel cloths lay a softly growling mongrel dog that raised blue-blind eyes and sniffed our strangeness, while Chevalier looked down from my arms with bristling fur. The two women opened one of the closed doors and showed us to our room.

Its principal piece of furniture was a double bed exquisitely made, the corners of its sheets mitered, a soft, snow-white blanket doubled carefully back over its foot. The bedstead was a four-poster of beautiful maple. A dresser, one straight-backed chair, and a small, circular rug were the other furnishings. The room seemed to have been added on to the house as a separate wing; at any rate, it extended into a garden, and in three of its walls open windows sifted the flower-scented evening air through patched but adequate screens. Chevalier settled himself on a window sill; the evening hush enthralled him, and the flowers.

We stood for a while at one of the windows. The garden seemed in the twilight to surpass any we had ever seen. It was informal, almost wild, but the colors were so massed that it seemed a dreamed thing, impossible for any mortal being to produce from an assortment of packaged seeds. We marvelled at the imagination that had conceived this garden, and as we looked out, an early locust began its rhythmic song.

A gentle knock at the door, and we left the window. The tall woman stood in the doorway, holding a pitcher of ice water, while back of her the smaller one watched with bright black eyes. "The bathroom," the tall one said in a hushed voice, pointing to one of the seven other doors in the room behind her, "is there." We thanked them and wished them good night. They lingered.

"We had a cat," said the smaller one, moving up a little. "It got run over, though."

"That's a shame," I said helplessly. Their eyes were adoring our Chevalier. "You get so attached to them."

"We think he was killed instant-

Helen E. Hokinson

"I can hardly wait to tell you what Beauty Counselors did to me!"

Thousands of women are learning the thrilling beauty secret of buying only the cosmetics they know are *right* for their skin! That's why the services of a Beauty Counselor will be invaluable to you, too—for, when you invite her to call, she will bring a veritable cosmetic counter into the privacy of your home. Before your own mirror, she will show you how to care for your skin, and help you select a simplified make-up that will flatter your complexion and complement your clothes. Look in your phone book under Beauty Counselors, or send us the coupon and we'll have your neighborhood Counselor get in touch with you.

Beauty Counselors

Grosse Pointe 24, Michigan • Windsor, Canada • London, England
Western Beauty Counselors, Inc., San Francisco 8, California

Beauty Counselors, Inc.
Grosse Pointe 24, Michigan

☐ Please have a Beauty Counselor get in touch with me. I understand there is no obligation.
☐ I am over 21. Send details on how to become a Beauty Counselor.

Name____________________
Address____________County________
City________Zone____State________
NY—147

The little man who's always there

Stare hard as they may, some people will never see anything more in life than the telegraph poles flashing by. They will never see the friendly little fellow under the red cap.

It isn't their eyesight, friend, it's their power of perception and quantum of imagination.

If you're one of those who gets the point when it comes to life and living, we say,

Down with the trite,
Caps off to Carling's.

CARLING'S
Red Cap
RED CAP ALE

CARLING'S Red Cap ALE

BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA, CLEVELAND, OHIO

ly. It was several blocks from home.”

“Oh!” I said. Then, after a silence, I added, “I know we'll rest. It's like sleeping in the midst of heaven, with that garden of flowers.”

The two women looked quickly at each other and away. “Well, good night,” the tall one said, and closed the door.

We bathed. We lay on the bed for a while before sleeping, enjoying its solidness, the rare fragrance, the extraordinary peace. Only Chevalier disturbed our sense of tranquillity. He had left the window sill and now prowled from window to window, then under the bed, to the door, and back again. He was very restless.

“Must be he smells the other cat,” my husband said. It was an easy explanation, and upon it we soon slept.

SOME time later—how much later I cannot say—I wakened. The locust no longer sang. The house was very still. But there was something in the air. A storm? I asked myself. I could dimly see Chevalier hunched on a window sill. I slipped out of bed and went to the window. The fur along his backbone stood straight up, but what he saw or smelled or feared I could not at all make out. Lightning brightened the sky once or twice, but there was no sound of thunder. I was wide awake by now. I remained at the window a long time, stroking the cat, who, for the first time in his contented life, refused to purr.

Being the sole wakeful person in that utterly strange, still house was perhaps more dreamlike than any dream I had ever had. It excited me and, I confess, frightened me. I thought of those sea shells in the cupboard and, to soothe my restlessness, tiptoed out to have another look at them, shutting the door behind me so that Chevalier could not follow me out of the room. A faint light over the ironing board lifted the room out of total darkness, hardly more. The little dog was gone. I may have stood there five long minutes, maybe ten, until I suddenly felt chilled and exhausted. I wanted to be back in bed, whether I could sleep or not. I turned eagerly to go to our room. But which was ours? All the doors were alike, and there were two in each of the four walls of, that monstrous, shadowy room. Trapped by too many exits, I thought, and had a giddy, senseless feeling that I was about to laugh. I controlled myself, reasoned out what door seemed most likely to be ours, and opened it.

My reasoning, however, had been at

fault, and I stopped on the sill. There, in a small, airless, candlelit room half filled with old trunks and bulging boxes (it was certainly a storeroom), on a narrow cot lay, with arms folded and eyes shut, a tiny, wizened old woman. She had a forcefully beautiful face—fine cheekbones, full brow, determined mouth. Her beauty was that of age and perfect repose. I watched for some time, entranced. She was sleeping, I gradually realized with slow horror, the sleep of the dead.

I CLOSED the door gently, and stood listening. No one had heard me. The house was all silence. Only Chevalier, jumping from sill to chair and chair to sill, could be heard in the deep dark, and by the sound of his soft thuds I found the right door, opened it, and went in.

My first impulse was to waken John and leave the place at once. But he was sleeping so soundly and had been so tired that I decided to wait until daylight. I lay stiffly down beside him. Here, then, in this room, the old lady had died. I felt absolutely sure of it. In this room, no doubt as we drove down the street, had been her things—her comb and brush, her glass of water, her spectacles. Here she herself had lain while her two weary daughters sat rocking on the porch, put up a sign, and spoke to strangers travelling with a cat. I wondered how, in the short time we had taken for dinner, they had managed to transform this room to receive us. I wondered, too, what had driven them to nail their sign up before the funeral had taken place. Were they so desperately poor or were they in urgent need of diversion? The bed that had been warmed by her frail, sick body had hardly cooled after her death before we, in our healthy weariness, had gratefully sunk down upon it. It took all of my self-control to remain there. Death, I had been taught, comes from within; it does not, like a foreign substance, enter the body from without. Yet I could feel it there beside me; death was in that bed.

Then, though I had not expected to, I slept. The sun was up before I wakened. John was shaking me, whispering, "They're gone. They're all gone."

"Who's gone?" I asked slowly.

"The flowers. Look, there's not one left."

I sat up and looked out the window. That early-morning emerald light, which no other hour of the day can touch or reproduce, filled the garden. The air had been cleansed while we slept by a mere change of wind; no rain had fallen. The sun shone on only the grass, the foliage of old trees, shrubs, and vines. What had lain before us in the twilight a miracle of color—pink upon white upon blue upon fiery red—now stretched before us miraculous in leaf-green monotony. Not a flower was left; not a bud remained; the garden had been stripped in preparation for the funeral.

The house was still as we opened the door of our room. There lay the blind little dog, there hung the dim light. We witnessed there the ravages of time—the palsied dog, the faded fan—and, frightened by what we knew would come to pass for everyone, for us, we moved in silence to the world outside.

As we drove away down the street, we watched the house in the mirror, a slowly diminishing patch of gray dwindling backward out of sight. Chevalier yawned, relaxed, and fell asleep between us as we headed west.

—ELEANOR GREEN

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the Times*]

VIENNA—Under heavy fire or criticism from his British and American co-members of the Austrian treaty commission the Russian representative, MV. MV. Novikov, at last explained today why he had refused ot permit the Commission's committee of experts to examine "concrete facts"; Germany properties in eastern Austria claimed by Russia.

His explanation proved even more disconcernting than had his "unnecessity fear of facts," as Sir George Rendel, the British Delegate, had called it yesterday. He stid that Russia considered the deltermination of concrete fcts a "polictcal rather than a technical matter."

This, of course, "is the principle on which that celebrated people's' courts that have proved so popular in countries within the Russian orbit have operated. It surprosied the western members, however, to find that the Austrian treaty commission was expected to function on the same dasis. They interpreted Mr. Novikov's statement to mean that he wished to short-circuit the committee of experts alttogether and, since the determination of facts is "political," leave it for the commisson itself to discuss from the varying political standpoints lrepresented there.

In and endeavor to grant Russia's wish that Artictles XXXV and +LII of the Austrian Treaty should be considered by the Commission before the committee is alloweded to go to work, the Amerian and British representatives have already invited Mr. Novikov to state his case in connection with them at as great length as in as much detail as he considers necessary, reserving their own concrete facts have been ascertained. But this he has refused to do, saying that it would not be "discussian," and that a discussion is what he insist on.

Your family deserves a Magnavox. One of 14 models priced from $187 to $750. Your Magnavox dealer is listed in the classified telephone directory. The Contemporary (above) $285.00.

the magnificent Magnavox radio-phonograph

Stop at the sign of...

The White Turkey Inn

DANBURY, CONN.

The latch-key is out . . . come and enjoy delicious meals in a truly grand Colonial setting. Fine cocktails and wines. For reservations phone Danbury 4548. Open every day except Monday.

Also visit 3 White Turkey Restaurants in New York City

"New York's grandest evening of merriment."—Atkinson, Times

PAULA STONE & MICHAEL SLOANE Present

BOBBY CLARK in

VICTOR HERBERT'S

Sweethearts

SHUBERT, 44th St. W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Air-Cond.

MOTION PICTURE

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

Rockefeller Center

GENE TIERNEY • REX HARRISON • GEORGE SANDERS

"THE GHOST and MRS. MUIR"

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

there's only one
MISS AMERICA
MARILYN BUFERD

and there's only one
WASHABLE
Everglaze*
FABRIC

*"Everglaze" is a trade-mark which signifies the fabric has been finished and tested according to processes and standards controlled and prescribed by Joseph Bancroft & Sons Co.

Take a sip from Maryland!

. . . a *distinctive* Maryland beer,
A paler, drier beer!
It's yours at the finest clubs,
Hotels and restaurants
From coast to coast.

NATIONAL
PREMIUM
"Maryland's Masterpiece!"
NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER
"NOT HOW MUCH WE BREW...BUT HOW WELL!"

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY THE NATIONAL BREWING CO. OF BALTIMORE IN MARYLAND

THE RACE TRACK

Easy Does It

TWICE last week at Jamaica, Phalanx demonstrated his trick of making a hard race look easy. On Monday, he never appeared to be going at any pace more strenuous than a good gallop in winning the Sting Purse from Tailspin, and on Saturday, with practically no greater exertion, he won the Empire City Stakes. His performance in this one seems better and better the more you consider it. He was in last place for most of the mile and three-sixteenths, and did not begin to pass his field—to which, by the way, he gave from five to fifteen pounds—till half-way around the last turn. Then, moving at top speed for a furlong and a half, he beat But Why Not, Harmonica, Tailspin, and Tide Rips, on whom there was an unusually giddy tip, with a thoroughness that enraptured his backers.

In case you haven't seen Phalanx in the last few weeks, he looks much fitter than he did when he won the Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct. He's taken on some flesh, and he runs more smoothly—so much so that on Monday he seemed to glide past all the other runners. The week was a profitable one for our leading three-year-old, since he picked up $43,375 in his two starts. (Sonny Whitney, who owns Phalanx in partnership with Abram Hewitt, didn't do so badly, either, for on the Fourth his filly Ghost Run, going like a boojum, won the Demoiselle Stakes and $36,100.) Phalanx's next appearance will be in the Empire Gold Cup at Belmont a week from Saturday, when he'll meet Assault, Stymie, and whatever foreign horses show up. I don't suppose he'll win, but my guess is that he'll give everybody a good run. He'll like the mile-and-five-furlong race as well as Assault will; besides, under the weight-for-age scale at that distance, he will carry a hundred and ten pounds to Assault's hundred and twenty-six.

IT was a fair bet that Stymie would again pass Assault in their merry competition for the world's money-winning honors, but I hardly thought he'd do it quite so soon. Although travelling in express cars or motor vans usually upsets Stymie, Hirsch Jacobs vanned him down to Delaware Park last Saturday because the Sussex Handicap had all the marks of a soft touch. As you've probably heard by now, Stymie won it from Natchez by three and a half lengths and earned $20,850, which put him at the top of the list, with $595,510. Assault is second, with $576,670. Armed, who isn't altogether out of the running for the high-dollar stakes, won the Stars and Stripes Handicap at Arlington Park the other day and increased his total to $531,375. Even if Stymie wins the fifty-thousand-dollar Butler Handicap at Jamaica on Saturday—and it wouldn't surprise me if he did, for he's awfully sharp right now—Assault will have his chance to catch up a week later, when the two horses meet in the hundred-thousand-dollar Gold Cup.

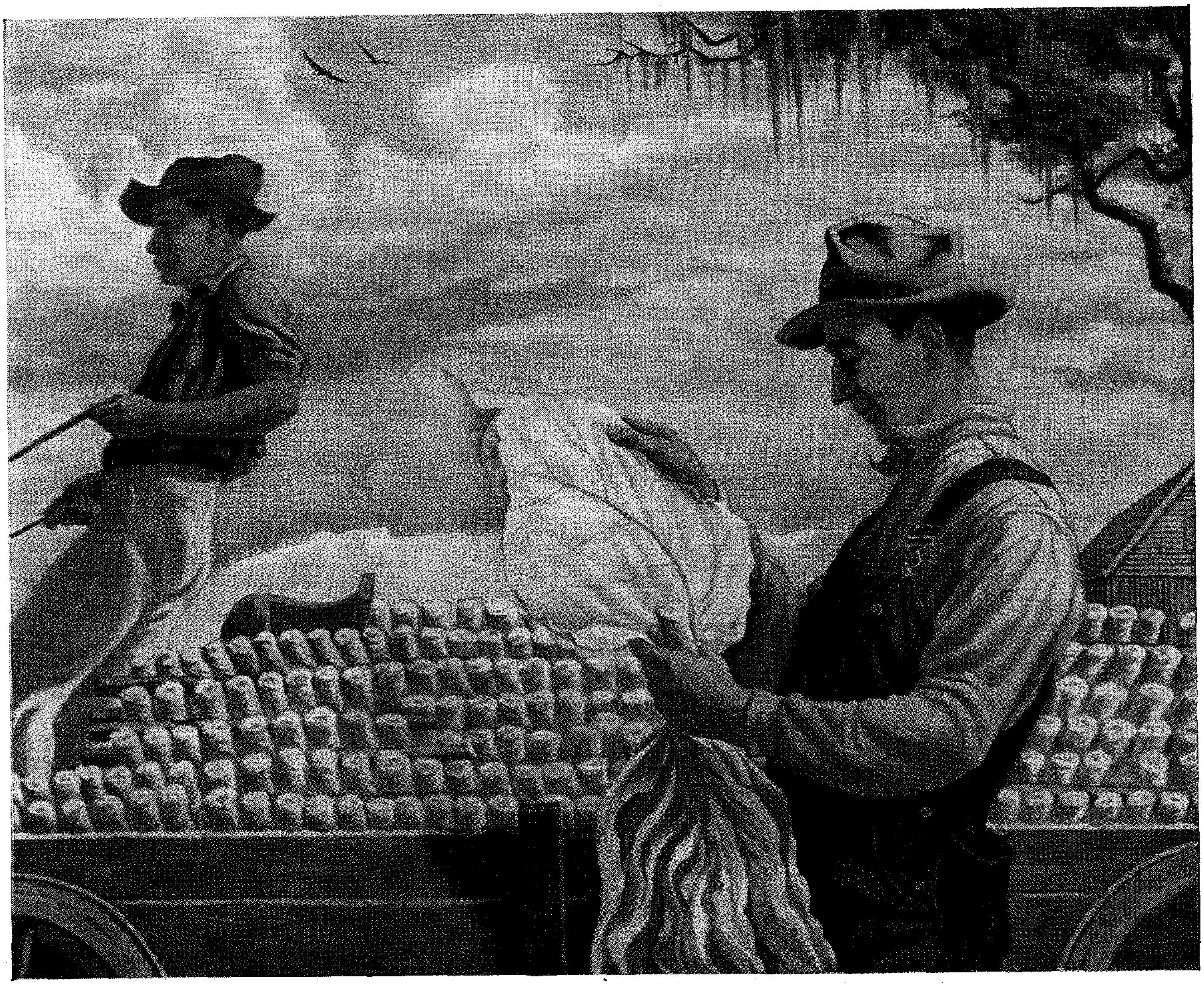
THE running of the twenty-five-thousand-dollar Pacing Derby, at Roosevelt Raceway last Thursday evening, was a lesson in what can go wrong in a horse race. One animal fell; two others stumbled badly; two drivers were hurt; the start was delayed twenty-eight minutes; Jimmy Creed, the odds-on favorite, was beaten; and no time record was broken, in spite of the fact that most of the prophets were saying it would take at least a two-minute mile to defeat Jimmy Creed. The time was 2:02⅖, and you can blame the extra two and two-fifths seconds on the delays at the post, which unnerved horses and drivers. Valdo Abbe started the ruckus when he wheeled, reared, and fell while getting into position for the start. After he was straightened out, Red Streak slammed into Jimmy Creed, and both struck the starting gate. The race, when it was finally run, was exciting to watch; Direct Express beat Jimmy Creed by a head, after trailing him for three-quarters of the mile, and Red Streak was a close third. Sometimes I like harness racing and sometimes I don't, but there's no question how the devotees of the Raceway feel. They love it. Well, the management does put on a good show, and the atmosphere is more like Santa Anita's than you can find anywhere else in the East.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Patricia, dressed in a black skirt, was radiant with excitement as her friends jumped up from the table to see her lovely engagement ring.—*Grand Rapids (Mich.) Press.*

That was *their* story, anyway.



Copyright, The American Tobacco Company

"Next stop—the tobacco auction," painted by Ernest Fiene

FINE TOBACCO is what counts in a cigarette

CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.
20

"**At all the markets** I've ever attended, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco."
—*T. R. Oglesby, 17 years an independent tobacco auctioneer.*

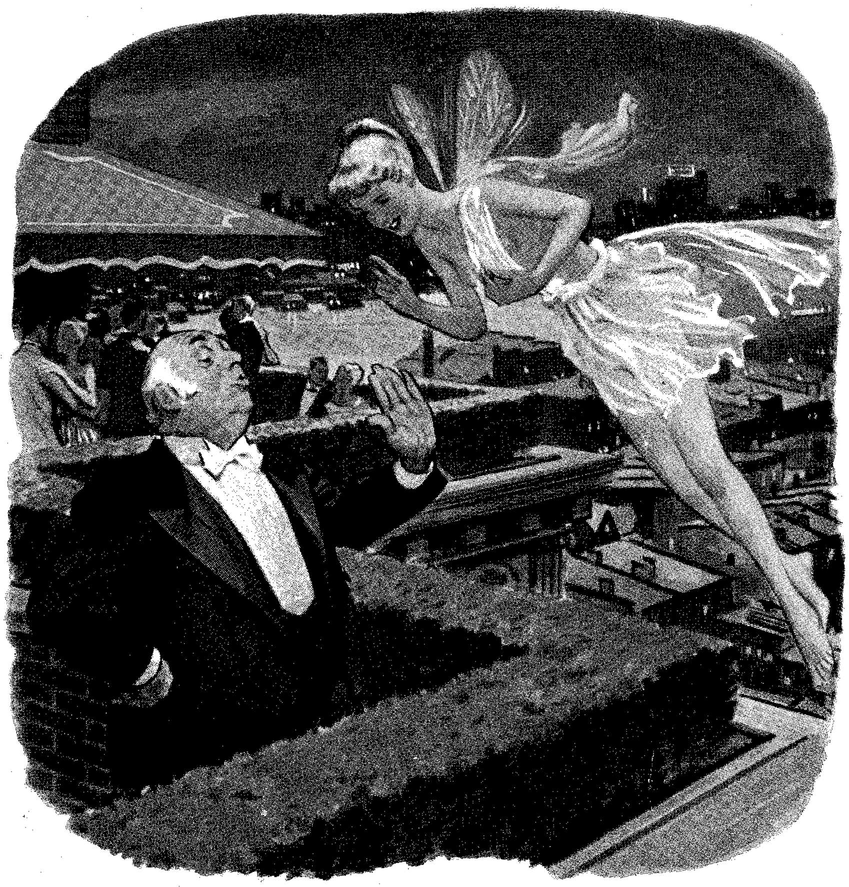
"**With my own eyes,** season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy good, ripe, prime leaf."
—*Carl Hartfield, 29 years an independent tobacco buyer.*

"**For years now,** I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco, the kind of leaf a tobacco man really goes for."
—*E. Isaacs, 22 years an independent tobacco warehouseman.*

and Lucky Strike means FINE TOBACCO!

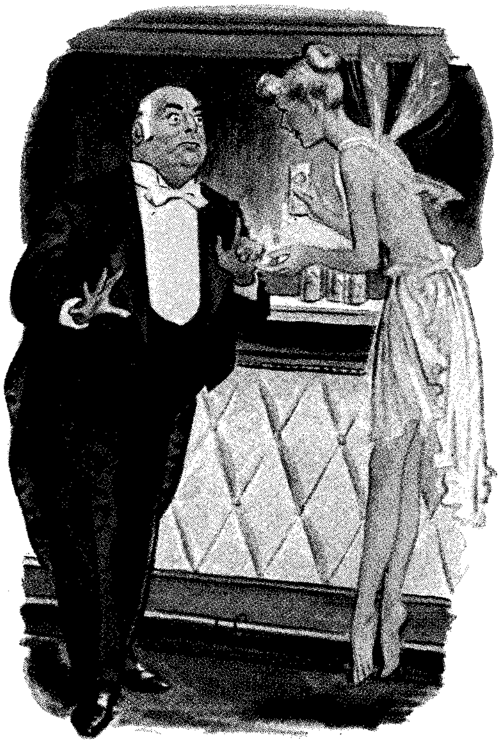
So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy on the Draw

"Sorry, Miss, this is a private party!"



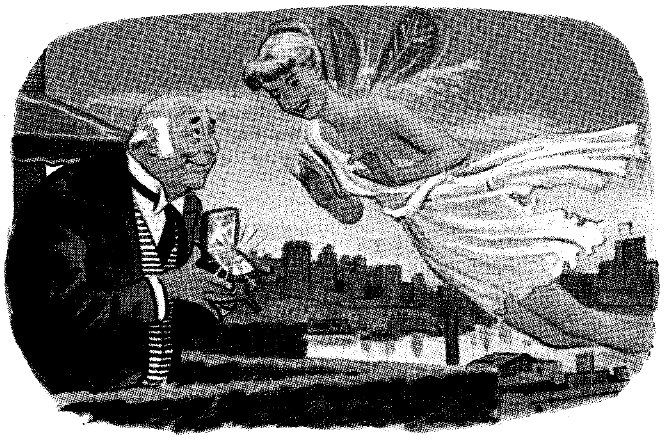
1. **BUTLER:** Airborne crashers! Really, Miss, what won't you people be dreaming up next!

PSYCHE: My dear man, I'm not a crasher. I'm Psyche, the young lady from White Rock, and I wish to be led to the bar.



2. **BUTLER:** If you so much as touch the drinks, I shall have to tell my boss!

PSYCHE: Silly fellow. I'm not going to *drink* them, just mix them. Don't you know that White Rock's mineral tang makes drinks taste better tonight and its alkaline effect makes folks feel better tomorrow?



3. **BUTLER (next A.M.):** Compliments of the boss for the best drinks and best morning after in his long career as a host. He wishes you to accept this sparkler.

PSYCHE: Really, I couldn't accept. The only thanks I want is this: next time you shop, don't say "club soda," say "White Rock"—the sparklingest of them all.

Look for Psyche,
symbol of
America's finest mixer

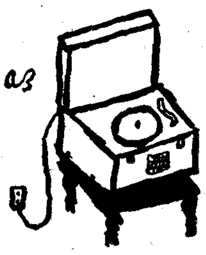
White Rock
Sparkling Water

KEEPS YOU SPARKLING, TOO!

MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

MARC BLITZSTEIN has written a nice song called "Emily," and I wish we could let the matter drop there instead of having to add that the song is attached to a symphony, name of "Airborne," whose recorded version takes up thirteen large sides (Victor album 1117). "Airborne" was commissioned by the Eighth Air Force and begun in 1943 in London, where Blitzstein, who was then in the Army, was stationed. Probably the simplest way of summing up the symphony is to say that it has the relentless prolixity of a Norman Corwin radio drama. A narrator (here called a monitor), a chorus, and a tenor and a baritone soloist read or sing a poem, also by Blitzstein, that deals with the entire history of flight, mythological and actual, dwelling for a good, long time on the accomplishments of aviation during the recent war. This poem is an amazing performance, raddled with ponderous colloquialisms and containing one stupefying pun:



CHORUS: Archytas of Tarentum tried a wooden pigeon.
SOLO TENOR: But it wooden pigeon.

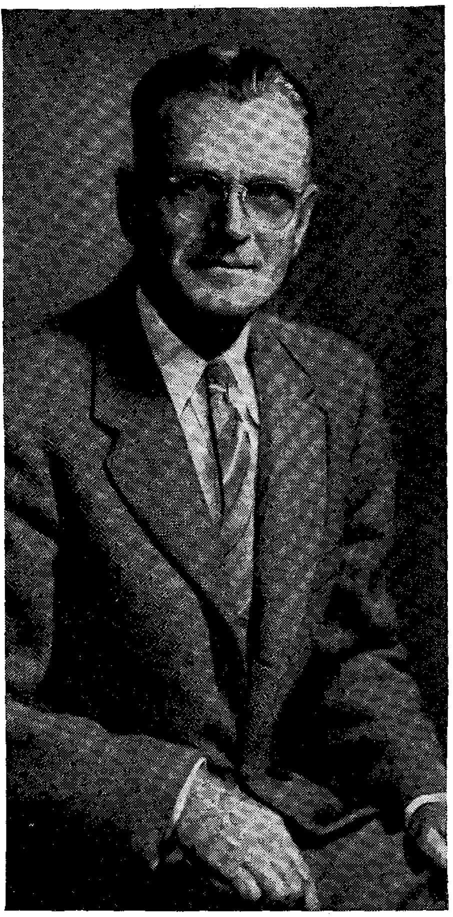
The work is divided into twelve sections; ten are combinations of words and music, one is devoted to the orchestra, and one to the monitor. Besides "Emily," there is an extremely likable and well-written chorus number—"In the Air Force, in the Air Force, it's hurry up, hurry up, hurry up . . . and wait"—and the score is occasionally impressive. It's just that the work was evidently too much of a job of organization for Blitzstein and is, as a result, ill balanced and spotty. "Airborne" is performed in this album by the New York City Symphony Orchestra, with Leonard Bernstein as conductor and pianist. Charles Holland, tenor; Walter Scheff, baritone; Robert Shaw, monitor; and the R.C.A. Victor Chorale fill out the roster. The piece's chief interest for me is its blending of popular and more serious styles—a familiar characteristic of Blitzstein's music.

THE same sort of blending is to be found, though it is not quite so noticeable, in Virgil Thomson's neat and touching little six-part suite for the film "The Plow That Broke the Plains," which has been recorded, for the first time, in another new Victor album (No. 1116), by the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra, directed by Leopold Stokowski. It is difficult for me to separate this music in my mind from Pare Lorentz's superb documentary short, which was issued by the United States Farm Security Administration in 1936 and for which this score was composed. In the movie, Lorentz's text, a story of the Dust Bowl, had all the conciseness and simple poetry that the narrative for Blitzstein's "Airborne" lacks, and the music enhanced its admirable effect. But it seems to me that Thomson's suite, even when considered by itself, as in this album, stands up very gracefully. He has made better use of folk material—cowboy songs, mostly—than practically any other American composer I can think of, and has dashed off a dandy blues for good measure.

I'VE heard that Gian-Carlo Menotti's ballet suite "Sebastian," which was written in 1944 and has now been recorded by the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra, of Philadelphia, under Dimitri Mitropoulos's direction (Columbia album 278), is not too highly regarded as a concert piece by quite a few people. I'd like to take the stand for the defense for a minute. It's a somewhat lurid and rococo structure in six parts, and I think the word "theatrical" covers it. Menotti is an accomplished man of the theatre, and since he contributed the story for this ballet as well as the score, the music sometimes follows the action rather than the other way around. There are a catchy waltz tune and a movingly sombre pavane in the lineup, and the whole thing has a deftly exaggerated quality that I found engrossing.

A PERFORMANCE of the late Béla Bartók's violin concerto by the Dallas Symphony, with Yehudi Menuhin as soloist (Victor album 1120), proves that it's a cinch to throw a good outfit together in almost any city in the country, provided you've got the right man to do it. Antal Dorati is the right man for Dallas. His treatment of a major work that is solid in all departments of its construction and overflowing with engaging themes and musical ideas is praiseworthy. The concerto has an atonal quality at times but always knows where it is going, and gets there. This and the later piano concerto (Co-

A Lawyer
sits before
the Bachrach camera



. . . for a portrait
of the man
and his profession

Bachrach
FABIAN BACHRACH
Photographer of Men
507 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
MUrray Hill 2-8181

BOSTON • PROVIDENCE • HARTFORD • CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • WASHINGTON

There are so many moments that are alive with meaning that they find us without words to express our special appreciation. There IS *a perfect way to say, "This* is *a perfect moment."*

Great Western

AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

One of the World's Great Champagnes

SIX EUROPEAN AWARDS

Wines since 1860

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE COMPANY
RHEIMS, HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y.

This is an unusual Advertisement

FREE REPAIR SERVICE

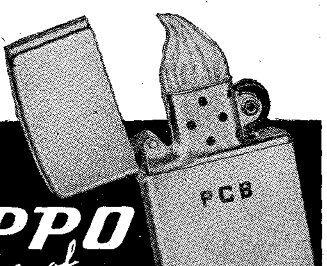
We are not asking you to buy a ZIPPO Lighter

If you own a Zippo lighter which is not in perfect operating condition, Zippo will consider it a favor if you return it direct to us for our free repair service, as we have never charged for the repair of a Zippo regardless of its age or condition.

We guarantee quicker service than you have ever received on anything returned for repair, regardless of what it is or what it cost.

We are the originators of this free service on lighters and we are always anxious that any Zippo we have ever manufactured gives its owner good service. There is absolutely no handling charge. We prepay return postage.

ZIPPO MFG. CO., 5 Barbour St., Bradford, Pa.



ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER

lumbia album 674) are two of Bartók's finest creations.

THE third part of Shostakovich's symphonic trilogy, which began with the massive Seventh and continued with the massive Eighth, was knocked off in the six weeks after V-E Day and turned out to be a comparatively short and lighthearted work, almost continually shrill in tone but not disturbingly so. The first movement of the Ninth gives somewhat the impression of a band concert in a park, and the second, marked "moderato," has a rhythm suggesting a galloping horse in a slow-motion movie. There are three other movements, all of which sound as if Shostakovich had been in a hurry to wrap the symphony up before he got involved in any musical complications. As in the composer's previous symphonies, a large part of the Ninth is given over to solo instruments against an orchestral background. I'll go along with the critic of *Culture and Life*, a Soviet publication put out by the Agitation and Propaganda Committee of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, who recently decided that the Ninth is "a playful and fanciful trifle." The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, conducted by Efrem Kurtz, plays it smartly in Columbia album 688, and the Boston Symphony, under Koussevitzky, performs it with equal cogency in a Victor set (No. 1134).

At approximately the same time that Shostakovich was pedalling briskly through the Ninth, his exiled fellow-Russian Igor Stravinsky was turning out a "Symphony in Three Movements" in his Hollywood home. The results of that labor are available in another new Columbia set (No. 680), which also features the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, this time under the leadership of Stravinsky himself. I'm not sure I know exactly what the Master was getting at in this work, but whatever it was, the piece has his usual fascinating instrumentation and is full of exciting rhythms. A piano figures importantly in the first movement and a harp in the second. Stravinsky can arrange for orchestra with unparalleled sorcery, but I wish that his sorcery had in this case been a little less mystifying. —D. W.

•

11 U.S. FUND BILLS
STILL STUCK ON HILL
CONGRESS MOVES TO EXTEND
JUNE 31 DEADLINE
—*Washington Daily News.*

To June 32?

BEFORE MAKING PLANS TO TRAVEL IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

CONTACT

T. D. SLATTERY
9 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

ASSOCIATED
British & Irish
RAILWAYS, Inc.

Let NELSONIZING re-make your worn shoes FACTORY NEW!

Send a postcard today for our free booklet which tells all about our shoe doctoring at prices you pay for *just ordinary cobbling.* Send for it Today . . . Now!

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET "U"

We Mail Everywhere!

Since 1879

B. NELSON CO.

Main Office & Mail Orders

10 EAST 39th ST., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
MUrray Hill 3-6448

WHITE PLAINS • NEWARK • HARTFORD
BROOKLYN • NEW YORK • JAMAICA

Cortile
AIR-CONDITIONED

37 West 43rd St.
36 West 44th St.
(Opposite Stern's)

Cocktail Bar

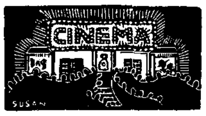
An Old World Spot in New York Just off 5th Ave.
Banquet Facilities

Breakfast starts 8 A.M.
Luncheon from 50c
Dinner from 75c

SCHOOL DAYS MEAN MORE
CASH'S WOVEN NAMES
MARK EVERYTHING! AVOID LOSS!
12 doz. $3.50 9 doz. $3.00
6 doz. $2.40 3 doz. $1.80
Ask your Dept. Store, or write us
CASH'S 17 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Pearl and Paganini



THE phrenetic talents of Betty Hutton are well displayed in "Perils of Pauline," which deals with some alleged experiences in the life of Pearl White, the cliff-hanging heroine who dominated movie serials between 1910 and 1920. Miss Hutton is nothing like the Pearl White I remember, but she's just as entertaining. She slows down only when the script gets embarrassingly maudlin. I suppose that Miss Hutton is the least inhibited performer around these days, and "Perils of Pauline" gives her a chance to detonate. She sings, dances, throws pies, shoots guns, goes up in balloons, and even, in a myopic moment, kicks a lion, which she mistakes for a collie. The film contains plenty of satisfactory slapstick, based on the lunacies that went with movie-making in the early days, and there's quite a bit of drollery in its account of Miss Hutton's progress from a Manhattan sweatshop to the screen, via a road company directed by a very serious ham. Her attempts to play an impassioned South Sea Island girl with the road company while suffering from a cold struck me as funny indeed, and so did most of the other characterizations she essayed while on her way up. Regrettably, the film isn't able to let well enough alone, and the comedy is periodically interrupted by a foolish amour between Miss Hutton and the road-company manager, a role acted with unseemly gloom by John Lund. Offsetting the morose Mr. Lund, though, are many fine people, among them Constance Collier, who plays a theatrical beldame as magnificently as you'd expect, and Billy De Wolfe and William Demarest.

A FEW honest fragments from the career of Nicolò Paganini have been mixed with a large helping of yeasty fiction in an English film, "The Magic Bow," and the result is a costume drama of the early nineteenth century that moves much more torpidly than the life of Paganini ever did. Paganini, who enjoyed his first public triumph at the age of nine, is here shown as being unsuccessful well into manhood, and his father, a businessman and skilled amateur musician, is represented as a dreary old drink-cadger. Paganini's mistress Bianchi is set forth as a girl Paganini reluctantly puts up with because he can't marry the noblewoman he loves. Actually, Paganini lived with his noblewoman quite a few years before he took up with Bianchi, who bore him a son. It is also hard to figure out why Paganini's favorite violin has been changed from a Guarnerius to a Stradivarius. The explanation for all this may be that English producers are finally drawing abreast of the Hollywood boys, who have long felt that no composer or musician ever existed whose life couldn't stand a lot of doctoring. In spite of its hopeless unreliability as a guide to the career of Paganini, "The Magic Bow" has some good points, including an abundance of superb violin music, performed, sub camera, by Yehudi Menuhin, who even duplicates Paganini's celebrated trick of playing intricate variations on one string. While Mr. Menuhin fiddles invisibly, Stewart Granger goes through the motions on the screen, looking every bit as diabolically competent as Paganini must have looked.

GREGORY RATOFF, who directed "Moss Rose," a new gaslight thriller, evidently figured that by showing in detail every action of his characters, from buttoning up a coat to opening a letter, he would succeed in achieving an appropriately sinister pace. Instead, he has braked the action to a frustrating saunter, defeating the best efforts of a competent cast to make the picture as alarming as it's supposed to be. The plot is concerned with the death of two ladies overcome by the charms of a wellborn Englishman, and the close call of a third. Victor Mature is the Englishman the girls find so fascinating, and he performs with his usual pained expression. The rest of the actors are all topnotch. Ethel Barrymore is vastly authoritative as Mr. Mature's mother, and Peggy Cummins makes a pretty and effective cockney anxious to better her lot. Also on hand are Vincent Price and Rhys Williams, the inevitable Scotland Yard pair who never seem to discover the obvious until they are knee-deep in corpses.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

WORDS OF VIRTUALLY ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

His present highness has practically only one wife.

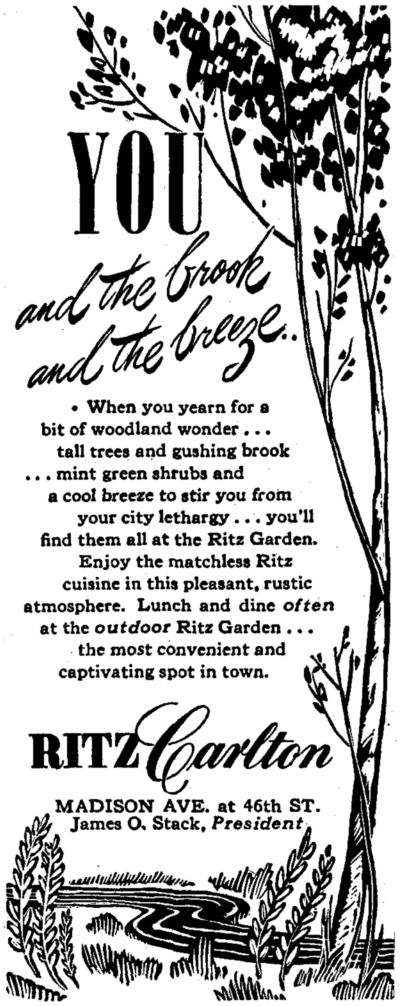
For Refreshing Summer Beverages...

A plump pitcher of sparkling American crystal that promises to fill innumerable glasses... it holds a full gallon! . . $24

WRITE FOR OUR NEW GIFT CATALOGUE

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. • New York 22

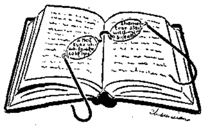


• When you yearn for a bit of woodland wonder... tall trees and gushing brook ... mint green shrubs and a cool breeze to stir you from your city lethargy... you'll find them all at the Ritz Garden. Enjoy the matchless Ritz cuisine in this pleasant, rustic atmosphere. Lunch and dine *often* at the *outdoor* Ritz Garden... the most convenient and captivating spot in town.

RITZ Carlton
MADISON AVE. at 46th ST.
James O. Stack, *President*

BOOKS

Emily and Jane



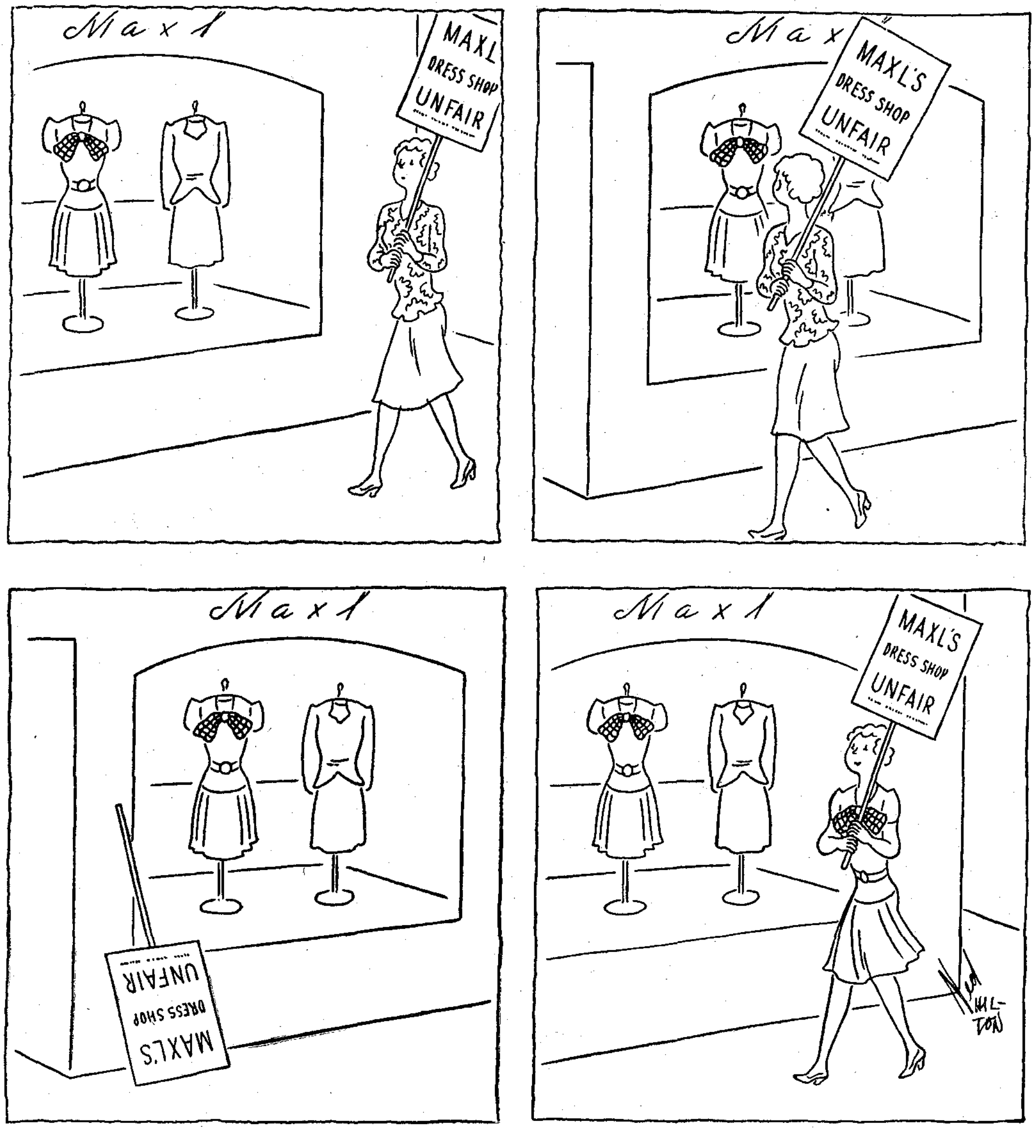
"The Semi-Attached Couple," a novel by Emily Eden, was first published in England in 1860, and it has been attracting quiet but devoted admirers ever since. It was republished in London in 1927, and now an American edition (Houghton Mifflin) has finally appeared, with a preface by the Right Honourable Anthony Eden, a distant relative of the novelist, who gives a pleasant family-album sketch of the lady. Emily, the twelfth child of William Eden, Lord Auckland, was born at the end of the eighteenth century and brought up in an atmosphere of politics and constant packing and unpacking. Her father, trailed by his large family, served as English ambassador to various European courts. Emily, who never married, later kept house for her bachelor brother, George, and upon his being appointed Governor General of India, accompanied him in 1836 on an appalling five-month voyage to Calcutta, where they lived for six years in Government House, with Emily acting as official hostess. Of the journey out to India, Emily wrote in a letter home, "Chance [her King Charles spaniel] is the only individual amongst us whose happiness has been actually improved by the voyage. He has a little window of his own, with a netting over it, in the after-cabin. . . . He also has a rabbit turned out for his amusement in the mornings." Miss Eden, a highly talented water-color artist, painted indefatigably through the blazing Indian days, with, as Mr. Eden puts it, "the cheetahs purring in the background and the porcupines rattling their quills."

Besides writing "The Semi-Attached Couple" and another, even lesser-known novel, called "The Semi-Detached House," Emily Eden filled in any dull pauses in her busy life as a worldly Victorian lady by keeping copious journals, reading Shakespeare, dashing off an occasional sermon for a clerical younger brother who later became a bishop, advising a lovelorn lady of her acquaintance to cure her depressed spirits by taking "one egg less for tea and also fewer leeches," enthusiastically directing gardening operations on her country place from the invalid's sofa to which bad health finally tied her, and being the adored aunt of a raft of nephews and nieces.

"The Semi-Attached Couple" was written nearly thirty years before it was first published, and it describes a way of life already thought elegantly quaint in the sixties. Throughout the years, its admirers, including several distinguished English critics, have spoken of Emily Eden as a minor Jane Austen, and, indeed, the novel leads off with a typical Austen passage, in which a quiet country pair are discussing their more exciting neighbors:

> "Well, I have paid that visit to the Eskdales, Mr. Douglas," said Mrs. Douglas in a tone of triumphant sourness.
>
> "You don't say so, my dear! I hope you left my card?"
>
> "Not I, Mr. Douglas."

And so on. Muslins whisk in the shrubbery, the gentlemen turn the pages of the ladies' music at the piano ("Music," as one young woman says, "is always a resource"), a dashing colonel or two cause flutterings in the drawing-room dovecotes, and carriage wheels crunch on the gravel outside, bringing guests to stay for a month. The plot, like Austen plots, is less notable than its background, which gives a picture of how the leisurely upper-class English lived in the days when servants were numberless and the great country houses appeared to exist as splendidly and effortlessly and smoothly as though suspended in space and cared for by invisible djinn. "What would you all like to do today?" asks the hostess of St. Mary's Abbey, lovely young Lady



Teviot, of an assembled houseparty. "Drive? or ride? or stay at home? or go to Langley ruins?" The pace throughout is as gentle as that.

The semi-attached couple of the title are Lady Teviot and her husband, to whom she has only recently been wed. Their marriage shows every sign of coming apart until Lord Teviot almost dies of Lisbon fever, caught while he is on a diplomatic mission. At that point, naturally, his wife decides that she loves him after all. Emily Eden's world was wider than Jane Austen's few acres of perfectly observed country gentry, clergy, and spinsters. She writes in an informed manner of noblemen going on errands of state to foreign countries that may even, she hints, be torn apart by violent events, while Miss Austen, of course, firmly ignored the French Revolution and the ensuing wars that were shaking Europe in her time and adroitly made much out of such simple situations as a gentleman's riding into the market town to have his hair cut.

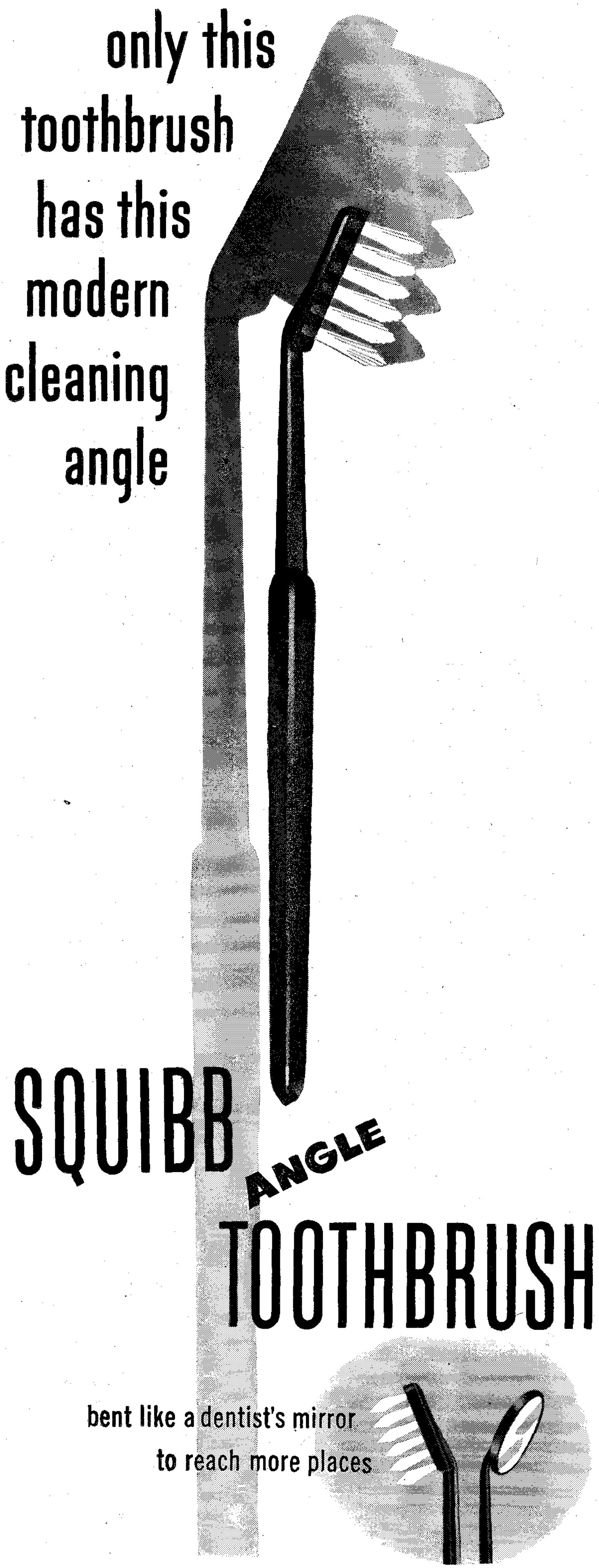
But Emily has plenty of her own brand of domestic fun, too. She can draw lively pictures of the servants' hall, something Jane never attempted. She injects a surprising flavor of Anita Loos into a dialogue between two sisters who are discussing a third woman's wedding finery. "Now I call that real happiness," sighs the first enviously, but the second, a practical type, replies, "Not such real, lasting happiness as eighteen bracelets." There is an amusing account of voting methods of the day, indicating that elections were largely settled by the amount of brandy swigged at the candidates' expense. And there is a neat study of the perfect private secretary, Fisherwick, a dust-colored, devoted pillar of Downing Street discretion, whose heart beats only for his chief, Mr. G., who is the Prime Minister. As for the parliamentary blowup that put Mr. G. in office, Miss Eden explains dryly, "There is generally a false crisis every Easter in which England is all but lost, but she is found again towards Whitsuntide." Altogether, this charming old novel provides a nice literary holiday, in completely different surroundings, among better-mannered people than you are likely to meet in your ramblings through the current fiction lists.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

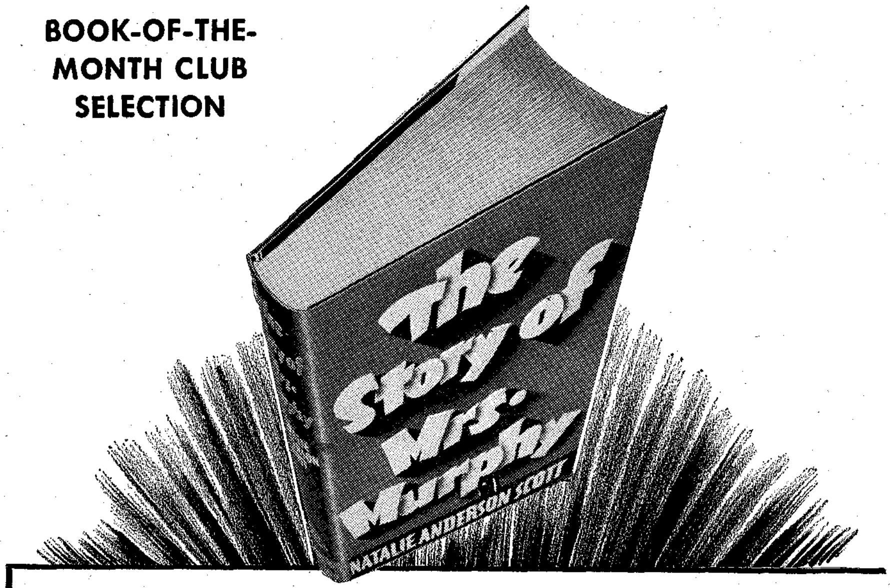
RIVERSIDE, by Patrick Hamilton (Random House). Here, standing apart from the season's crop of homiletic


only this toothbrush has this modern cleaning angle

SQUIBB ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH

bent like a dentist's mirror
to reach more places

BOOK-OF-THE-
MONTH CLUB
SELECTION



CLIFTON FADIMAN says:
"As compassionate as it is powerful . . . one of the most remarkable American novels I have ever read . . .
"It cannot fail to find a passage to our hearts and to our brains." $3.00
by NATALIE ANDERSON SCOTT author of "The Sisters Livingston"
E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.
At All Bookstores

Imported Recordings by
CONTINENTAL ARTISTS
The following 10" records are priced at $1.45 each:
NOEL COWARD
G-B4269: MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN & LET'S SAY GOODBYE.
G-B9198: THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS & LONDON PRIDE.
MAURICE CHEVALIER
G-B9000: MA POMME & AH! SI VOUS CONNAISSIEZ MA POULE.
G-J013: IL PLEURAIT & MON AMOUR.
★
The following records are priced at $2. each:
G-DA1363: I'LL FOLLOW MY SECRET HEART (FROM "CONVERSATION PIECE"). NOEL COWARD AND YVONNE PRINTEMPS.
G-C2043: PRIVATE LIVES—EXCERPTS. NOEL COWARD AND GERTRUDE LAWRENCE.
G-C2450: NOEL COWARD MEDLEY.
★
Write for complete list of records by these artists.
Shipping charges additional.
At the present time it is impossible to ship orders of less than $4.
★
Gramophone Shop
(No branches anywhere)
18 East 48 St., Dept. N, New York 17, NY

MOTHER! IS YOUR BABY HABIT FORMING?
(the wrong habits)
He's been reading
THE CARE & FEEDING OF PARENTS
By WILLIAM HALL
And you'd better read it too!
$2.00 at bookstores
Thomas Y. Crowell Company 432 Fourth Avenue • New York 16

1906 Henri 1947
CONFISEUR
FRENCH RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON DINNER
COCKTAIL BAR
Famous French Candies
15 East 52nd St.
AIR CONDITIONED

SPEAK RUSSIAN?
● Americans are fast realizing that a knowledge of Russian is vitally important. Private or small classes at Berlitz. Studios are open 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.
BERLITZ 630 Fifth Ave. (at 50th St.) Circle 6-0110

fiction, is an admirable reminder that a novel does not have to deal with a socially important theme to be good. Mr. Hamilton's skillfully satiric dissection of a number of Londoners who have taken refuge in a boarding house on the Thames to escape the blitz not only is good but, in its special and quite unpretentious way, almost couldn't be better. The central character is a nice, spinsterish Englishwoman, in whose mind the petty persecutions of an obnoxious old male boarder, a feud with a conniving German girl, and the unsettling attentions paid to her by a drunken American lieutenant are all so exaggerated by the middle-class torpor of boarding-house life that they combine to create a nightmare state of nerves just short of panic. Around a trivial and what must be a not too unusual situation, Mr. Hamilton builds up an atmosphere that, for all the humor of the small, unheroic story, is as hellish as it is believable.

SEEDTIME, by Leo Katz, translated by Joel Ames (Knopf). A novel about the Rumanian peasant uprising of 1907 would seem exactly the work to be most satisfactorily omitted from 1947 summer fare. Contrary to understandable forebodings, however, this book turns out to be extremely readable, with, in spite of the seriousness of its theme, a cheerfulness that has a touch of Gogol. There are dozens of characters, and the plot is complicated beyond belief, but Mr. Katz manages to preserve sufficient balance between stirring action and a well-formulated and edged picture of Balkan chicanery to produce a rich, bright narrative.

DULL THE SHARP EDGE, by Ellen Marsh (Dutton). An exceptionally sensitive young girl, the victim of her parents' broken marriage, finds her life almost literally cut in two, spiritually as well as physically, when at the beginning of the recent war she leaves her deeply loved German mother to go live in America with her hard-drinking, irresponsible father in a particularly dishevelled Greenwich Village environment. The chronicle of the girl's growing up and of the disequilibrium of her emotional life more or less follows the pattern of those all too familiar development novels in which you are invited to share the tragic uncertainties of awakening youth. The story is saved from tediousness by the grace and intelligence of the author and by her nearly disconcerting depth of perception. You may not care much about Miss Marsh's untidy young people, but you cannot dismiss her very considerable talent.

THE SIXTH HEAVEN, by L. P. Hartley (Doubleday). A couple of years ago, Mr. Hartley brought out a novel called "The West Window," a brief, enchanting story of two English children—a passionately dominating sister and a gentle, diffident younger brother—in the period just before the first World War. He has now produced a lengthy sequel, which, it must reluctantly be admitted, is one of the least enchanting narratives recently encountered. It has to do with the grown-up life of the brother, his almost unhealthy absorption in his sister, his half-romantic dependence on older women, and his effusive friendships with his Oxford companions. Mr. Hartley's dutiful, snobbish, self-critical, generous young man is a credible projection of the childish martyr to indecision portrayed in the earlier book, but credibility is not enough to prevent this pallid, overworked narrative from being a disappointment.

THE COLLECTED TALES OF E. M. FORSTER (Knopf). Mr. Forster's short fantasies, which first appeared in his books "The Celestial Omnibus" and "The Eternal Moment," have been gathered into a single volume, with an introduction by the author. The stories have long been out of print in this country.

NOTE: "There and Then," by Christine Weston, a collection of fifteen tales about India, based on memories of the author's childhood there, has been published by Scribner. Most of the stories first appeared in *The New Yorker.* The book is illustrated in black-and-white by Mrs. Weston's brother, George de Goutiere.

GENERAL

BERLIN UNDERGROUND, by Ruth Andreas-Friedrich (Holt). The journal of a Berlin woman, covering the years between the signing of the Munich Pact and the entry of Russian troops into the Nazi capital. Mrs. Friedrich, an editor and popular writer in Germany who before the war had never taken any more active part in politics than to slander Hitler discreetly among her friends, became one of the leaders of a small resistance group after the German armies crossed the Polish border in 1939. From then on, she and her friends fought the Nazis as best they

You can't baby a baby too much

HANDMADES by Yolande

baby things
lingerie
blouses

At better stores everywhere

Behind Any Widmer Label

—there is an exacting care in the growing, handling and processing of choice wine grapes which, to the uninitiated, must seem inefficiently old-fashioned and slow. But the full, mellow goodness of fine wines can result only from leisurely, traditional vintning processes which the Widmer family refuses to discard even for greatly increased production at only a small sacrifice of time-honored quality standards.

VINTNERS SINCE 1888

NEW YORK STATE
WIDMER'S WINES
and Vermouths
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., NAPLES, N. Y.

The
Starlight
Roof

"The sweetest music this side of heaven"
DINNER and SUPPER
GUY LOMBARDO
and his
ROYAL CANADIANS
with
CARMEN and LEBERT
featuring
THE LOMBARDO TRIO • DON RODNEY
KENNY GARDNER • THE TWIN PIANOS
MISCHA BORR and his Orchestra
alternating at Supper
Cover from 10:30, $2
SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE (no cover)
THE
Waldorf-Astoria
Park Ave. at 50th

LANCERS
Crackling Vin Rosé

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!
Imported from Portugal.
A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste.
Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC., 114 E. 16th ST., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

Newly Furnished Offices

available in New York City for individuals selective about their accommodations and associates. Our own Headquarters Office Building has just been reconditioned. You enjoy everything we have: a secretarial receptionist, stenographer, 24-hour telephone answering service. Near Grand Central and U.N. One block from new Air Terminal site. Come, See! References. Telanserphone, 224 East 38th Street. MUrray Hill 7-6500.

GIN and TONIC
MADE WITH
BILLY BAXTER
TOTAQUINE SODA
MAIL $7.00 for 4 Doz. 10 oz. BOTTLES
DELIVERY PREPAID - Dealers Quoted
THE RED RAVEN CORPORATION, CHESWICK, PA.

could. They hid out "U-boats," as people who went underground were called; they took care of Jews who were being hunted by the police; and they carried on a clandestine campaign of defeatism under the noses of the Gestapo. Occasionally, Mrs. Friedrich is bitter toward the eminent refugees and well-intentioned people in other countries who kept admonishing right-thinking Germans to "get out on the barricades" and fight the Nazis. Her book testifies to the impossibility of such a thing and shows how completely helpless civilized Germans were under the Hitler tyranny.

THE VOYAGE OF THE CAP PILAR, by Adrian Seligman (Dutton). A few years before the war, the author of this unconventional travel book bought and fitted out an old barkentine for £3,500, found a crew of young men willing to share expenses, and set sail from England on a voyage around the world. This record of the two-year cruise, supplemented by ninety very good photographs, makes an exhilarating book. It may well be one of the last of its kind, for, as the author says, the days of vagabonding from port to port are about over.

LITERATURE AND MORALITY, by James T. Farrell (Vanguard). A compilation of some of Mr. Farrell's recent opinions, ranging from an acid comment on the lack of morality in the movie "The Bells of St. Mary's" to a series of heavy studies of Tolstoy's "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." A long piece, "The Fate of Writing in America," which was previously published as a pamphlet, does not improve much on rereading. Mr. Farrell is an erratic and often exasperating critic; sometimes he is sharp and intuitive, and at other times he lambastes the deadest of dogs and seems to be writing in a foreign language. This book is about fifty-fifty.

ARE CLOTHES MODERN?, by Bernard Rudofsky (Paul Theobald). A satiric and philosophical examination of modern dress as a reflection of our civilization, by the architect and designer who put on a similarly titled exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art a couple of years ago. To the author, modern clothes are the product of fetishism, eroticism, commercial greed, and what he calls "sartoriasis"—the enjoyment of discomfort. With the support of a great many drawings and photographs, both old and contemporary, he has an easy time making a fool of anyone who wears a tie or wrestles with a girdle. The book is not just a stunt, however; it might almost be called a psychoanalysis of dress.

JUDGE LANDIS AND TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF BASEBALL, by J. G. Taylor Spink (Crowell). A biography of the first Commissioner of Baseball, and incidentally an account of the game during the past quarter century, by the publisher of the *Sporting News*, who knew the peppery little judge well and admired him immensely. In telling about the many controversies over which Judge Landis presided, as well as about his earlier days, on the federal bench, the author shows that his hero was a man of almost fanatical probity and also, unfortunately, something of a tyrant and a bigot. The book is not very well written, but it is first-rate baseball history.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE LABORS OF HERCULES, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead). Hercule Poirot, after dipping briefly into the classics, decides to take on only twelve cases before his retirement, each one intended to parallel a labor of his eminent mythological namesake. The result of this conceit is a dozen short stories—in some of which the analogy is undeniably strained—of the brisk, workmanlike type that Mrs. Christie's admirers have come to expect. All right if you happen to favor Poirot, or mysteries in this abbreviated form.

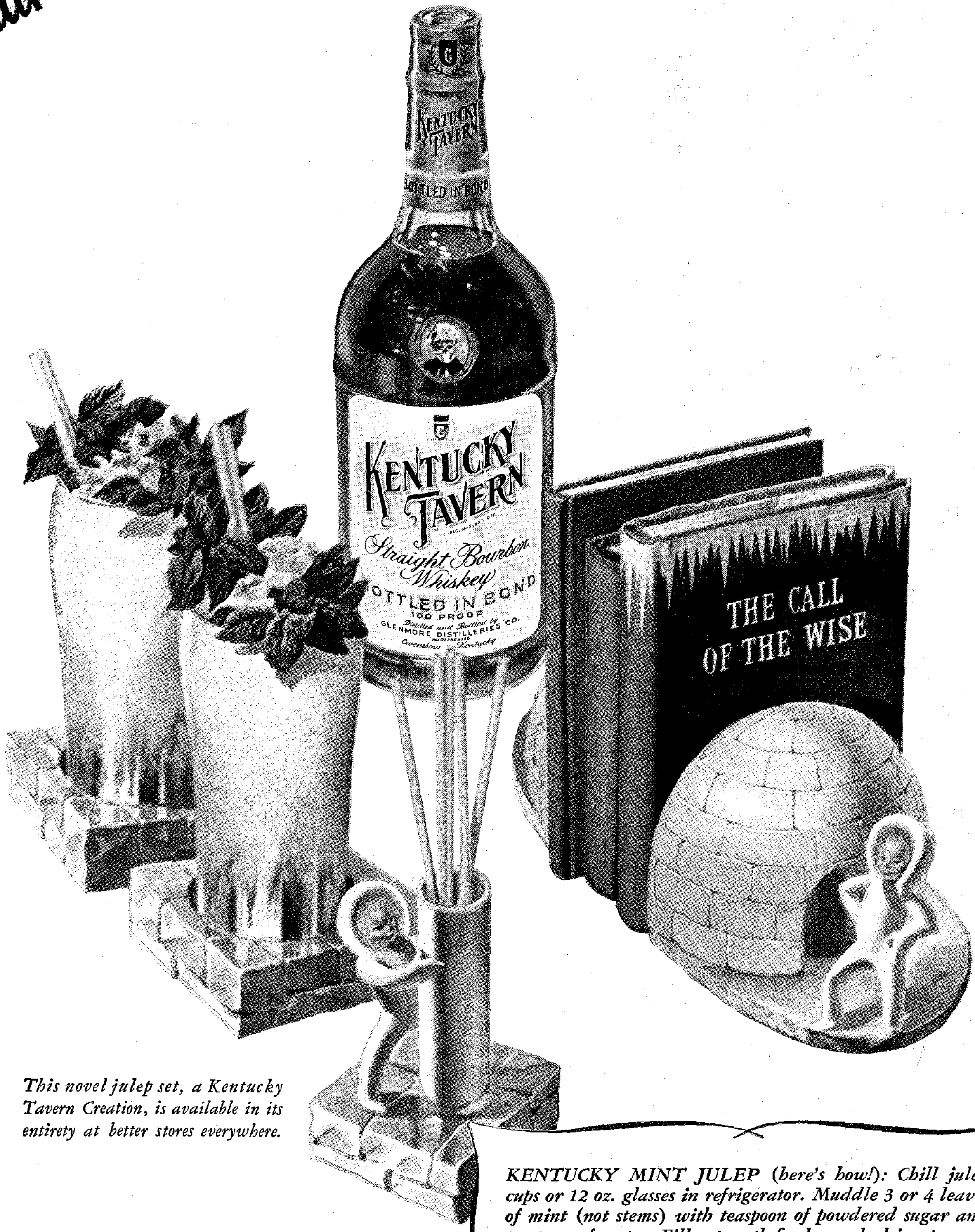
FAMOUS STORIES OF CODE AND CIPHER, edited by Raymond T. Bond (Rinehart). An anthology that is strictly for those who like to monkey around with frequency tables, the Atbash formula, and similar cryptographical brain teasers. Our old friend "The Gold Bug" turns up, naturally, along with stories by O. Henry, Agatha Christie, Dorothy Sayers, E. C. Bentley, and others. Mr. Bond's introduction discusses the notorious Kurusu-Yamamoto transpacific telephone calls made ten days before Pearl Harbor (and very infantile they sound as code) and goes on to a hop, skip, and jump survey of the whole field of cryptography. Interesting, if very specialized.

•

NATIONAL GALLERY SHOW
FEATURES CHIAROSCURO'S WORK
—*Washington Post.*

Never heard of him.

That Julep in July!


KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY TAVERN
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
Owensboro Kentucky
THE CALL OF THE WISE

This novel julep set, a Kentucky Tavern Creation, is available in its entirety at better stores everywhere.

KENTUCKY MINT JULEP (here's how!): Chill julep cups or 12 oz. glasses in refrigerator. Muddle 3 or 4 leaves of mint (not stems) with teaspoon of powdered sugar and teaspoon of water. Fill cup with finely crushed ice, pour in one jigger Kentucky Tavern. *Stir briskly until frost appears and ice has dropped 1 or 2 inches. Fill remainder with crushed ice and pour in another jigger of* Kentucky Tavern. *Decorate with mint and insert straws through sprigs. Clip straws off near top of mint (so you get your nose right in it while sipping); place in icebox for half an hour (if you can wait that long) then serve, sip and smile!*

Glenmore Distilleries Company
Louisville, Kentucky

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

© 1947 G. D. CO.

"My beer is RHEINGOLD —the DRY beer!"
says MICHAELE FALLON, MISS RHEINGOLD 1947
Rheingold EXTRA DRY Lager Beer

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

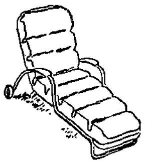
COSTUME DESIGNED FOR MISS RHEINGOLD BY SOPHIE OF SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,*
BREWERS FOR OVER 110 YEARS EST. 1837—IN NEW YORK 1854

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY

It's beer as beer should taste!



DRY tells you WHY!

WHY IS RHEINGOLD the most wanted beer in New York?

Because no other beer—domestic or imported—has the same wonderful *dry* flavor—a flavor so refreshing, so crisp, so distinctive you just don't know how good beer can be till you try Rheingold!

Compare Rheingold Extra Dry with any other beer. Compare its pale, crystal color—its bouquet—and, above all, its flavor.

We know you'll agree with the millions who insist, "*My* beer is Rheingold—the DRY beer!" In bottles and cans and on tap all over town.

Copr. 1947, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Don't forget to try Rheingold McSorley's True Hearty Ale— a fitting companion to New York's most popular bottled beer!